

ST. JOHN'S



Bole Ponjis.



B o l e P o n j i s.

CONTAINING

THE TALE OF THE BUCCANEER;

A BOTTLE OF RED INK;

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF GHOSTS;

AND

Other Ingredients.

BY

HENRY MEREDITH PARKER,

BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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SCENES OF THE SEVEN AGES.

SCENES OF THE SEVEN AGES.

SCENE I.

“First the Infant.”

Scene, the Valley of the Grindenvald.—Time, sunset.

WERNER, BERTHA, and their INFANT.

Werner.

How soft and beautiful yon rosetint sleep
Upon the Silver-horn; as if the snows
Were blushing in their virgin modesty
At the day god's last kiss. And see the star,
The solitary gem in evening's crown,
That wavers o'er the mountain top, as though
It trembled at its own bright loneliness
In the blue depths of heaven.

Bertha.

'Tis beautiful,
Most beautiful, but look at our child's eyes ;
The host of heaven, when they glitter forth
Of winter nights, lighting our frozen lakes
And ice-clad mountains, with their modest beams,
Show not a star whose soft and dewy light
Can equal that which shines in his sweet eyes.—
And that rose hue *is* beautiful, as though
It were a seraph's track through the clear heaven
Wherein it seems to float ; but our boy's cheek,
Oh Werner ! there's the rose—the Alpine rose,
Which blossoms best in the sharp mountain breeze,
Whose keen breath does but blight less hardy flowers.
Is he not beautiful ?—Oh love !—that thou,
Who art so fond of gazing on the sky,
When all its stars hang calm above our hills ;
And at the mountains, when the early breeze
Hath disenshrouded them from the grey robe
In which night cloaks them, and the morning sun
Is glorious on their summits :—Oh ! if thou
From stars, or mountains, or from mountain spirits,
Which dwell, our legends say, in dewy caves,

And dells, and the mist of rainbow'd waterfalls,
Could'st learn the future fate of that dear boy !

Werner.

Then we might learn that which were best unknown.
Let us, dear Bertha, rather trust in Him
Who made the spirits of the stars and hills,
Giving them life and beauty by a thought,
And power by a word. Let us so guide
Our boy, that he be worthy of His care,
Without whose aid the planet's auguries
Are worthless as the rhyme the Lapland witch
Sells to the superstitious mariner
To win a favouring breeze. No !—if we draw
Aught from our glorious mountains—or the skies,
Upon whose thunder-clouds their icy peaks
Look calmly down—let it, dear love, be this ;
That he who views them not with freedom's glance,
That he who treads them not with freedom's foot,
Who lives to see their broad unsullied snows
Trampled and blacken'd by a conquerer's host,
Or their pure gales sigh sad beneath the folds
Of tyranny's dark banner—is not worthy,

To view their glory or their majesty ;—
Glory and majesty, which would but blight
The eyes of the base slave whose heart or hand
Could fail his country in her hour of need.
Thus, Bertha, taught *my* Father—thus will I,
So keep me Heaven ! teach our lovely boy.

SCENE II.

“ And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.”

*A Summer morning in the country by the banks of the
Avon.*

Enter a Schoolboy lazily.

Heigh ho!—the buttercups have not opened their eyes, and the daisies are all fast asleep;—the violets are nestling amongst the dew—and the primroses hide their pale heads under the broad cool dock leaf—I seem to be the only thing awake, and I am sure I am hardly that. One, two, three, four, five!—I wonder the old tower clock is not asleep too; but it has roused the rooks in the churchyard elms—or is it the blush of the sun, who is ashamed to be such a lie-abed—how they are cawing and fluttering—and that single skylark is singing down to them. Arise! Arise! Well, they are all very foolish, I think, to get up so early; for I don't suppose *they* are going to school.—I wonder if Harry Pearce will play me if I give him five—Ha! that was

the plash of a large trout in the smooth of the mill dam; I will look after him next half holiday. The old otter coming in from his night prowl has frightened him, or he jumps at the blue and gold dragon flies as they trim their wings over the black eddy by the willows—There again! the fish are all alive, and spring to welcome the fine day that is now casting his grey cloak, and coming forth like the gay gallants at Charlotte Hall, in crimson, and purple, and gold. Heigh ho! how happy they must be!—I wonder if they ever go to school. —Pretty, pretty little Annie Hatheway, she shall be Queen of May next year, if I die for it.—I wish that I could fancy some madrigal or small poesy to give her pleasure—but I am sure I could never make such a thing, I am *so* stupid at rhymes and verses—no, no, I never could do it, but she shall be Queen of May next year, or my name is not Will Shakspeare.

Exit slowly.

Fairy Chorus.

Sisters, brothers, hasten, come

From the lake or dingle side;

Hasten from each fairy home,

Where in lilly bells ye hide,

Or float upon the morning beam,
Or sport above the rippling stream.

From beneath the dock leaf cool,
From the apple blossom, haste,
From the rushes of the pool,
From the heather of the waste.
Hasten, hasten, hasten hither,
And round that loitering schoolboy gather.

Invisible to him, behold
Everything his noble eye
Looks upon, doth shine like gold,
And fairer shews as he goes by.
Flowers more sweet, and birds more clear,
Bloom and sing, as he draws near.

See, beneath his glorious brow,
What majestic visions keep
Regal state, unthought of now
As the undreamt dreams of sleep ;
But when those visions find a voice,
Nations shall in the sound rejoice.

At this realm's antipodes,
Where far down in coral caves
Blow the sea anemonies,
Isles are rising from the waves,
Which shall be mighty states, and then,
Those too, shall hail him, first of men!

Sisters, brothers, gather round,
Where that boy's slow footsteps fall,
There for us is magic ground,
Fit for fairy festival,
Dazzling thoughts and fancies rare,
Weave a matchless carpet there.

Sisters, brothers, hasten!—We
To that loit'ring boy shall owe
Wond'rous immortality.
When old genial faith runs low,
When hearts are hard, and fancies chill,
And mockery rules the world, we still,
Even in that ignoble age,
Shall live and charm in Shakspeare's page.

SCENE III.

“ And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.”

St. Mark's Place at Venice.—Leon and Ferdinand.

Leon.

Mad! yes I am, but not yet quite so mad
As to deny my madness, and for you—

Ferdinand.

Well?

Leon.

You are surely madder far than I,
To be surprised that I should be distraught.
Such eyes! two stars!— psha! twenty thousand stars
If all their light and beauty were in one,

Would be as dim to them as the pale glow
Of the fire-fly is to the clear summer moon's.
Such lips ! I tell you, Ferdinand, if they
Who seek for coral in the Arabian Gulph,
And bring it to our mart of Venice here,
But saw those lips—for very jealousy
To find their ruddy venture so outdone
They'd cast it in the sea. I think she had
A ruby on the finger which sustained
Her snowy dimpled chin : but if it was
That jewel, it was paled by being near
Two living rubies brighter than itself.
Was she not a divinity ? perfection
Clothed in a mortal form to win the world ?
By heavens ! I think the orient pearls that twined,
And fell in rich festoons around her neck,
Were dimmed and blackened by its radiancy
As I have seen the plumage of the swan
By the soft pureness of fresh fallen snow.
But had they scaped the risk of such comparison,
And o'er a Spanish maid's mantilla hung,
They had appeared as schwart as that dark robe,
From the dear vicinage of the white teeth

Which glanced between her scarcely parted lips
Like ivory in the moonlight.

Ferdinand.

By my faith,
Most delicate comparisons—rife withal
With such sweet poetry as lank-hair'd clowns
Entreat the village barber to indite
For the love posey of a silver ring—

Leon.

And why not poetry, when thus inspired?
Thou knowest my muse, tho' coy, is yet not deaf
To my invokings.

Ferdinand.

'Tis the worse for her—
Unless she dwells in some dark foggy lane,
Amidst the ceaseless clang of Gondoliers
Retir'd from office, workmen of the Arsenal,
Criers of macaroni, and the like
Whose voices may drown yours. I remember
When at your father's villa on the Brenta,

We sent united thanks to the town-crier
Of Fusina for verses which, by Bacchus !
Your worship had, with labour passing thought,
Hammer'd and wrung from your reluctant brain,
And dropped for cousin Madeline to find.

Leon.

Envy, dear Ferdinand, by Apollo, envy ;
Such as some dull and swamp-engendered sprite
May feel when his dim lanthorn is eclipsed
By the broad glories of the rising sun.
You, I remember, wrote some verses too ;
And faith, we all agreed they were too bad
Even for the bellman ; and almost cashier'd
The scullion's boy for having placed such trash
When it might chance fall into gentle hands.
But now, in sooth, this is a toy—a thing
Scarce worth so much attention as one gives
To the fleet shadow of a passing cloud ;
But—still—

Ferdinand.

You'd read it—Well, man ! never blush,
Nor fidget with your points ; nor change your legs,

Like Bruin on hot plates ; nor play with your hilt,
As if the matter threatened more than ears.
Why, I have stood by a knife-grinder's wheel
The best part of an hour ; have endured
The music of a saw-yard, and not flinched.

Leon.

Tush—Ferdinand ; you speak as if I wish'd,
As if you thought I—when—but that I think
You are a judge indifferently good
I had not hinted—

Ferdinand.

Nay, man, pray go on :
I know what thou wouldst say ; and do beseech,
And beg, and pray, as ever cavalier
Pray'd for a ringlet, that you will give relief
To my impatience. But prithee Leon, tell me
Is thine a song of grief ; or doth it claim
Smiling applause and jocund approbation ?
For I would wear a face conformable ;
Prepare my kerchief, or my smile, or both—

Leon.

Nay now—but judge yourself—To—to—

Ferdinand.

To what?

Leon.

No matter, there is nothing in a title.

Ferdinand.

Nay, but there is; 'tis like the rosy light
That tips the mountain tops before the sun
Clothes them in gold; or the thick mustering clouds
That form the tempest's vanguard—both foreshewing
That which will follow.

Leon.

Well then, if I must,—

It is “A SONNET TO MY MISTRESS' EYEBROW.”

Ferdinand.

Thy mistress' *eyebrow*! prithee man, go on.

Leon—(reads.)

“Two bows adorn the fair cerulean sky;
One, of all lovely colours sweetly blent,
As ’twere a glittering bridge to bear from high
Some angel on an earthly mission sent.
The other Dian’s—which, when its soft gleams
With their young lustre chasten the rich west,
To the deep musing lover’s fancy seems
An isle where he might dwell with her loved best.
Surpassing beautiful they are, but I
Have seen a lovelier heaven, where two bows
Shade two sweet stars, so bright that phantasy
Of poet never feigned such. Lady! those
Twin stars are thy soft eyes, each brow a bow,
Thy face that heaven which man ne’er saw till now”

Ferdinand.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

“Thy face that heaven which man ne’er saw till now.”

(Runs off, laughing.)

SCENE IV.

“ Then the soldier.”

The interior of a half ruined cottage—PRINCE OTTACER, and several officers armed and in rich uniforms sitting round the table on which provisions are spread—Cuirassiers seen on guard, and lounging outside of the door—The clang of arms and ringing of bridles—trumpet and bugle-calls—near and distant drums heard at intervals, mingled with the noise of troops marching, the trampling of horse, and the heavy sound of artillery in motion.

Ottacer, (rising.)—Come gentlemen—our last pledge—To victory!—and to the brave who live or fall to gain it. Had not our men been somewhat overworn with a hot march, it had been given earlier—(all drink the pledge.) But we have five hours day, and when that's past a glorious harvest moon.

O'Reilly.—By the powers, my lord, a pretty light—

a pretty light—and a cool, as any soldado of honour might wish to fight by.

2nd Officer.—Spirit of thunder ! it will glitter on the harness of my Rhein reitters as they lead the chase like the sun on our own Johannisberg.

3rd Officer.—Your Rhein reitters ! My Hessians or Furstenburg's light-horse, you mean.

2nd Officer.—By the schwart jager I mean no such thing.

Ottacer.—You will soon be able to decide that point, my gallant friends, if I can so dispose it.

O'Reilly.—And my brigade will be the lads that shall bate up the game for you.

4th Officer.—Aye—yours, and some others—the Alle-mayne Boar-hound has fangs as well as the Island Mastiff.

O'Reilly.—I have seen too many good blows given by German blades to gainsay it. But for hearts of steel—hands of iron—soldadoes who shall win their way into breach or line of battle, at point of sword and push of pike ; who shall confront a battery all day, or carry it in ten minutes ; I would not change my own command for the best in Europe—no, by the thrice holy shirt of St. Patrick.

Ottacer.—My brave friends, we shall soon see who does best, where none will do less than well. Hark!

O'Reilly.—It seems a very sufficient escaramouche—a pretty pattering of pistolet and harquebuss, as one should wish to hear of a summer's afternoon. Some of my lads are in it; I'll swear to their fire amidst a thousand. So good day, my noble general—and good day to you all, my brave friends.—We'll, may be, meet to-morrow at breakfast, as many, that is, as are left—and the rest will be breakfasting upon glory and immortality, like brave fellows. *Exit.*

Enter an Aid-de-camp.

Aid.—My Lord, Cohenstein is hard pressed, and must fall back unless reinforced.

Ottacer.—'Tis as I wished—let him fall back, and form on the right of Count O'Reilly. (*Exit Aid-de-camp.*) Ride, Kleist, to Furstenburgh—tell him to cover Cohenstein's retreat with his light horse but not to advance. (*Exit an Officer.*) 'Tis as I wished—they save us trouble—had Wallenstein still lived they had not done so.—Noble gentlemen, to horse—hold your ground—let them dash themselves to pieces against

our lines—but not one step forward without orders—positive orders.

Officer.—My lord, if—

Ottacer.—I fall, you would say; Holstein knows my intentions—and has instructions. [*Exeunt Officers.*]

Ottacer (musing). The stream that brawls past our right, does it not cross the glen? No! it runs from east to west—it must rise in the nearest range of heights—No, no stream crosses the glen—the range of heights then hides the western bank of the hollow way, which I now remember me was lower than the eastern—that has deceived me—(*goes to the window*) aye there it is (*cannonade increasing,*) the woody height comes round—round—there—and then it sinks—and is lost in the forest—too much in our rear—will they dare to attempt it? [*Enter Adhorf, conducting two Peasants.*] Oh!—stand forward one of you—Adhorf, keep the other out of hearing.

Young Peasant.—(*Falling on his knees.*) Oh your royal mightiness, spare me.

Ottacer.—Peace, fool—drink this and then answer—(*gives him wine*) now then—canst think?—canst speak?

Y. Peasant.—Yes, please your worship.

Ottacer.—What call you the glen behind those heights?

Y. Peasant.—The glen, your Majesty?

Ottacer.—Aye—nay, hurry not—think, take time—what call you the glen? the glen beyond those heights?
(*restraining his impatience.*)

Y. Peasant.—Alack? those sounds, your gloryfulness; I can scarcely recollect my own name, and I am sure I can't recollect my wife's.

Ottacer.—Take time, good fellow. Well,—now,—now.

Y. Peasant.—Oh, your grace!

Ottacer.—Psha,—never mind my grace, but speak out, as if you were speaking to your comrade,—well, the glen?

Y. Peasant.—Oh,—aye,—my—that is, comrade,—we call it Herman's Hollow, because—

Ottacer.—Ah,—that is it,—that is the name; does a stream cross it?—quick, villain.

Y. Peasant.—No.

Ottacer.—The stream runs from those hills?

Y. Peasant.—I do believe your worship knows every—

Ottacer.—Enough—where does the glen end?

Y. Peasant.—In the wood :—Alas ! what shall I do !

Ottacer.—Where in the wood, fool ?—near the high road ?—speak quick !

Y. Peasant.—Yes, Sir,—my Lord—within a hundred yards of the high road.

Ottacer.—Adhorf, bring the other, — and ride to Cohenstein—no stay.

(*Continued cannonade.*) *Enter Adhorf with the elder Peasant.*

Ad.—The fire gets warm, my Lord.

Ottacer, (To the elder peasant.) You know Herman's Hollow ?

Old Peasant.—Oh great Sir ! have pity upon a poor ruined wretched old man ; my cottage was burned this morning, my cattle driven away, and oh ! worse than all, my daughter !—

Ottacer.—Peace, old man. I do pity, and perchance may help thee ; but that I may do so, I must win this day—here's gold for thee,—and here,—drain this cup, for thou look'st but wretchedly, then answer me—now—you know Herman's Hollow ?

Old Man.—Alas! my daughter tended our flock there.

Ottacer.—Prithee, old man, peace; I would not add to thy griefs, but my time brooks nought save direct answers,—knowest thou Herman's Hollow?

Old Man.—Alas! I do.

Ottacer.—Is't crossed by a stream?

Old Man.—No, no—my poor child—

Ottacer.—Can horsemen pass through it now, or are the trees too close?

Old Man.—When I went down to meet my poor girl there—Alack! alack! I shall never meet her more.

Ottacer.—'Sdeath—and—poor, poor old man! well, good fellow—well?

Old Man.—I saw naught, but the short green sward and great shady trees—thirty—aye fifty yards asunder—there used to sit my child.

Ottacer.—And no marsh—Artillery, a carriage might drive through?

Old Man.—Aye, Sir, the Emperor and all his court.

Ottacer.—And where ends it?

Old Man.—Close to the blackened ruins of my once happy home—Oh *how* happy!—but His will be done.—

Ottacer.—Yet, we see not the entrance from the high road?

Old Man.—No, mighty Sir—the year I married my poor Teckla's mother—woe's me! the Margrave, to preserve his game, planted a thick deep belt of trees across the mouth of the glen.

Ottacer.—Ride—Adhorf—order—(*A ball shatters the wall of the cottage, a cry of men wounded without—a second strikes the roof—the two peasants exhibit signs of great terror.*) Desire Cohenstein to give you his own brigade and the black Cuirassiers—conduct them to the spot this old man has described, the southern entrance of the glen; he must guide you, and then, poor fellow! send him in safety to the rear: tell Cohenstein, himself, to hasten here.

Old Man.—My gracious Lord, for the sake of pity!

Ottacer.—Away,—away,—old man.—(*Exeunt Adhorf and old man.*) Terrible trade, where to do our duty, we must so often stifle the voice of feeling and subdue the impulses of pity! Mansfeldt.

Mans.—My Lord.

Ottacer.—Ride to the reserve,—tell Holstein to give you ten of his guns,—lead them along the high road

and halt by the mill,—when Cohenstein's brigade passes, let the guns join it,—*you* return to me. (*Exit Mansfeldt.*) Come gentlemen, to horse,—to horse,—or they will win the fight without us.

(*Exeunt Ottacer and his suite.*)

SCENE CHANGES.

An eminence overlooking the field of battle,—a strong column of infantry near the summit just sheltered by the brow of the hill, and resting on their arms.—More in front is a battery of cannon keeping up a constant fire upon the opposite heights which are covered by a dense cloud of smoke, ceaselessly illuminated by the flash of great guns.—Heavy fire of musketry, the sound of trumpets and rolling of drums heard on all sides.—As OTTACER and his splendid suite ride in, the troops set up a loud shout—"Long live our valiant general!—long live the brave Ottacer!—long life and victory to the Protestant hero."

Ottacer, (dismounting and looking on the field) Why has

O'Reilly advanced?—by the splendour of heaven I'll shoot him like a dog, if he dishonours my orders thus.—Ride, Stern, tell him to fall back as he values his head: fools! they play as rashly and heedlessly for the best cause that ever it honoured a soldier to bleed for, as if it were a match at a balloon.—

Enter an Aide-de-camp.

Aid-de-camp.—General Rainer commends him to your Excellence,—he has beat back three attacks of the Imperial foot, but they seem about to make a fresh assault more heavy than the worst we have baffled.

Ottacer.—They threaten my whole left—eh?

Aid.—They do, my lord, with foot and horse.

Ottacer.—I thought so,—how many columns do you count?

Aid.—Four, my lord.

Ottacer.—Are you sure?—do you see the entire columns?

Aid.—No, my lord: only one entire column, but the heads of the others are visible over the heights.

Ottacer.—'Tis as I thought,—do you suffer much?

Aid.—Too much, my lord, from their guns,—if your Excellence will permit—

Enter Sterm.

Sterm.—O'Reilly's down, my lord.

Ottacer.—A shrewd loss,—Munro commands?—

Sterm.—And has fallen back, as your Excellency ordered.

Ottacer.—(*To Aid-de-camp.*) Well Sir?

Aid.—General Rainer would storm two of the batteries which annoy us most.

Ottacer.—He is a brave heart,—tell him I love him well, but he must be patient for a little space:—He need not fear, psha! I mean not that,—he need not heed the threatened attack;—let him hold his ground and not advance a step,—away Sir.—(*Exit Aid-de-camp.*) Sterm, take Werner's Horse and my own Cuirassiers,—push at the Imperialist's centre,—feel its strength and give me your report. Stay, let two or three of the officers know your orders, that if you go down, some one may come back with the intelligence I want. (*Exit Sterm.*) I would Cohenstein were here.—(*Walks about, stopping occasionally to survey the*

field.) Well done the Piccolominis.—Ha! that is a shrewd charge, by heavens! — they'll break! — my horse here! — no — they fight like their own bull dogs—they form again — brave hearts! brave Munro! the Cuirassiers recoil like a spent wave! — a deadly volley faith! — good for a hundred empty saddles — There up goes the Island hurra! — away gallop the Piccolominis! — honour to the three martial saints; — but had Max or Pappenheim been alive, it might have gone worse.—(*Enter Cohenstein.*) Ah Cohenstein. — I've waited for you.

Cohen.—My horse was shot by the way.

Ottacer.—Take Saldin,—he is a horse for a brave soldier. I beseech you let me make him yours—nay deny not your friend,—and now comprehend me shortly. I have a hot service for you—By the way that Gallas fights this field, I feel assured that I have not in my front more than a third of the Imperial army. He shews false columns, and would occupy my attention by a rambling cannonade, skirmishing charges, feints, and other blinds, while the rest of his forces are marching to fall upon our rear by an open ravine whose southern termination I knew not of.

Cohen.—Upon what information?

Ottacer.—Upon none; information has often misled me, but my own judgment rarely. You, Cohenstein, must, with what men I can spare, keep them from breaking out of that ravine, and then let Gallas look to himself. It is a fiery service, but one so glorious that I envy any man who has the doing of it; and therefore I give it, old and true friend, to you.—Embrace me and away,—you will find that your brigade, reinforced with guns and cavalry, has fallen back upon the high road,—Adhorf is with it, and has a guide—You will have a deep woody belt and ruined farm to hold, and being the man I know you are, cannot fail to keep the post, tho' the devil himself come at the head of his Imperial friends.—God be with ye—(*Exit Cohenstein.*) Now Gallas—thou or I—(*Stands gazing on the field.*)

An old soldier of the column.—There he stands, a staunch German heart,—the flower of the Captains of the Evangile—the soldier's true friend, God bless him!

Another.—I have seen him in seven pitched fields—he minds bullets no more than boys do the acorns they shake from an oak.

Another.—I saw him bring off the rear guard at

Henskirch, with his helmet cleft, his horse wounded, and a dragoon's sword in his hand; — but by the spirit of thunder there was not an Austrian of them all dared venture to bide a buffet with him.—There! Spiller's down.

1st Soldier —Both legs off, by Heaven!—See how the general stands looking at the field, as quietly as a Dutch burgomaster would look over his flower garden.

2nd Soldier.—Aye, but he's thunder and lightning when his blood's up. Oh (*falls*) mercy! heaven! merey—oh—mercy!

1st. Soldier. — Hollao, Hendrick! by the Hartz demon he's down—

Officer.—He's not quite dead, carry him to the rear; (*a cry of many men wounded*) Hah! that six gun battery has found us out.

Ottacer.—(*turns and comes to the head of the column.*) This is teasing work, my children; but patience—it will be our turn soon.—Who will give me a draught from his canteen?

Several Soldiers.—I, general; I, I, I.

A wounded man.—Take mine, general.

Ottacer.—No, my poor fellow, not yours, were the

taste of it to make me an Emperor—here (*to a page*) take my scarf and bind his side.—Quick, sir, quick; and know, young man, that a noble German cannot be more nobly employed than in alleviating the pain of a fellow soldier.

Wounded man.—(*Feebly.*) Long life to my noble general.

Soldiers.—Count Ottacer for ever.

Ottacer—(*drinks from a soldier's canteen*) Glory to my gallant comrades.

Enter an officer severely wounded.

Ottacer.—Where's Stern.

Officer.—Killed, Sir.

Ottacer.—You drove the Austrians?

Officer.—(*Feebly.*) Back on their own line of infantry.

Ottacer.—And that—is it weak or strong?

Officer.—Very weak, (*sinking.*)

Ottacer.—One word—are the columns which shew themselves above the brow of the height—(Support him)—are they deep or but—

Officer.—(*dying.*) Two only are complete columns—the rest—(*dies.*)

Ottacer.—'Tis as I thought—(*Enter Adhorf*)—Well, Adhorf?

Adhorf.—My Lord—(*he is struck by a cannon ball, and falls from his horse*) my mother!—Oh my poor mother!—

Ottacer.—A most unlucky chance—Mansfeldt—

Officer.—My Lord, he has not returned.

Ottacer.—Unfortunate. (*To a Page.*) Ride, Sir, to Cohenstein—know ye the road?

Page.—I'll find it my lord, if it lies through the middle of the Austrian lines.

Ottacer.—Hah! what call they you?

Master of the Pages.—Albert Daitrick, and to say the truth, your Excellence, a greater—

Ottacer.—Ride, Albert, to Cohenstein—(*looking toward the rear*)—Ha! by my hopes the smoke rises from his position like a thunder-cloud—it thickens—it thickens—fifty cannons are playing there—Now, thank God—Muller (*to the Colonel at the head of the column of Infantry,*) lead my guards down the hill—Children (*to the soldiers*) march to victory—I shall be amongst you—Albert, gallop to Munro—bid him charge, if he loves the honour of his valiant fatherland—Rupert, away to Holstein—let him push on with the reserve and support

Munro—the Austrian left must be beat at any price—my horse here—Max Bruner, fly to Rainer—now, now he may advance.—Brand, Kleist, George Scullenberg, away to the heavy cavalry—let them all charge when and where they see best—Ah Mansfeldt—(*enter Mansfeldt, his arm in a sling*) welcome—by my honour I feared you had fought your last field; but away, man, away, again victory holds out her hand to us; ride along the line—every soul must on the Imperialists and crush them. Tell Furstenburg, as you pass by, to keep his Light-horse together, and to move slowly on in the rear of Thurnberg's division—he shall have work enough before sun-set, for man, horse and sword—my horse here, my horse—say to my soldiers that I am at their head, and that the hour is come to die like brave men, or to win the freedom of Germany—away—away.

(*Gallops off down the hill, attended by his suite.*)

SCENE CHANGES.

Another part of the field of battle—the Imperial position, which has been carried—groups of captive Austrians—colours abandoned—guns—ammunition waggons overturned—dead and wounded men, broken drums and military weapons, occupy various parts of the scene—the trumpets of the cavalry, and the distant noise of pursuit heard occasionally—enter a body of officers and captives of rank surrounding OTTACER, who has his shoulder bound up.

Ottacer.—Psha! you think too much of it—'tis but the touch of a Croat's lance—a victory like this is worth a hundred such scratches—gentlemen, you have this day delivered Germany.

A General.—Not us, my lord, but you.

Ottacer.—Hush, I pray—I entreat—Now Mansfeldt—*(Enter Mansfeldt.)* Has Holstein occupied the heights, and northern entrance to the glen as I wished?

Mansf.—He has, my lord.

Ottacer.—Heard you any firing towards Cohenstein's position?

Mansf.—None, my lord.

Enter Kleist.

Kleist.—The two brigades have fallen back, and formed to support Cohenstein, as your excellency directed.

Ottacer.—You ordered the guns to follow them and the ammunition?

Kleist.—I did my lord.

Enter an officer.

Officer.—The Duke of Holstein commends him to your Excellency. The Imperialists, surrounded in Herman's Hollow, have laid down their arms.

Ottacer.—To Him, from whom came that pure faith for which we fight, be all thanks and glory! what is their force?

Officer.—The Imperial general, who will presently wait upon your lordship, states it at twelve battalions, and thirty squadrons, besides a heavy train of guns.

Enter an officer.

Ottacer.—Your general! why comes he not himself?

Officer.—My lord,—he—(*pauses.*)

Ottacer.—As I dreaded—but not dead!

Officer.—He desired his honourable love and true esteem to your lordship with his last breath.

Ottacer.—Poor Cohenstein!

Officer.—And if your excellency, he said, would sometimes look upon the sword of an old soldier who died for the true Evangile, and think of him who once bore it—it is here.

Ottacer.—Give it to me—while I wield a sword in our most holy cause, it shall be this—for the sword and cause are worthy of each other—poor gallant Cohenstein! how fell he?

Officer.—In truth, as your lordship used oftentimes to say he would—we beat back all the attempts of the Imperialists to force their way out of Herman's Hollow—and when we heard of your excellency's advance, we in our turn rushed upon their batteries—in which hot assault my valiant commander, being foremost, fell mortally wounded at the very cannon's mouth.

Ottacer.—(*musings.*)—What says the Island Poet, whom the Englanders are so wont to quote—"seeking the *bubble* reputation?"—no, as I live! not so—but

winning the wreath that fades not—the blessed liberty of faith—the freedom of his native land—the veneration of mankind—the tears of the brave and good—the honour of posterity—aye, all those *are* to be won, and *he* has won them—“ Even at the cannon’s mouth !”

SCENE V.

“Next the Justice.”

Sir Anthony Heavyhead, Master Coddle, of Coddle Hall, Capt. Waggerblade, and Master Simon Silvernib, discovered seated round a table copiously furnished with bottles and glasses.

Coddle.—By treacle and twopenny, and as sure as Sunday, your worship came over the rogues roundly.

Waggerblade.—May the resplendent visage of magnanimous Mars ever be hidden from me, but I had rather have stood by the knight in that onslought than have carried away another horse tail from the Graff at Tripoli, where some dozens of pretty fellows and myself—

Sir Anthony.—Why aye, my masters—Waggerblade, thy glass is full of daylight—qualify thy sunshine with canaries, man—ha—ha—ha!

Omnes.—Ha—ha—ha!

Coddle.—La you there now—by nouns a rare conceit and a merry—"qualify thy sunshine with canaries," quotha!—sniggers, I would I were a man of parts.

Wagger.—I take it upon my honourable salvation, that it is a sufficient good jest—aye, upon the word of a poor gentleman.

Sir A.—Marry a toy—a poor toy, sirs, but I could have made a keen thing once—eh Silvernib?

Silvernib.—Of a verity, your worship hath committed many merriments—I will attest the same upon affidavit.

Sir A.—There was the jest of Hob Miller.

Silvernib.—He! he! he!

Sir A.—And that other of the three tinkers.

Silvernib.—In sooth was there—and the great barn, and Gammer Gibson's pig—he, he, he.

Sir A.—Hoh—hoh—hast thou me there, sir knave. Well, my masters, let not the bottle go to sleep—how like you that fresh stoup?

Wagger.—I take it upon my exact reprobation, that better liquor, more excellently flavorful, and flavourously excellent, sparkles not betwixt Cologne and Mayence—it is liquid topaz, knight, as I am a poor gentleman.

Coddle.—Aye—ods sniggers—so it is, as I am a poor gentleman.

Sir A.—Where was I—oh—I bind my rogues, and I bring them to the hall here—but what think ye was the upshot?

Wagger.—The strappado, or suspension per hemp.

Sir A.—Why, I did but confine them upon bread and water for a week in the stone room up at the old keep yonder, to induce the humour confession before I sent them to county jail—and down comes a letter from the Council, rating me as if I were a collier's cur.

Wagger.—Diavolo! rate *thee*, my knight, rate *thee*, my lad of acres!

Coddle.—Marry come up—rate my goddaddy!

Sir A.—Aye my masters, as I am a poor knight and unworthy justice of His Majesty's peace. Beshrew me, Sirs, they used brave words—marvellous fine words: but by cock and pye, I wot of a man they could not hold a candle to, with all their trickery.—Marry, what says my jackanapes of a Secretary:—(fill your glasses boys)—why—that I, and some others, by carrying it with an over high hand, towards the Commons, and a murrain to them—now that Markbrunner shall be good, I say

—did give the King's enemies an advantage—And then there gets me up in the house a cuckoldy varlet, Cornwall, or Cromwell, or some such name, a brewer of indifferent single beer I think, and cries out that I had broken the great charter.—By Jupiter, an I had been near him, I had broken his great thick head.

Wagger.—Knight, I pledge thee—I say nothing—But by Buff and Bilboa! if I come anigh that Cornmill or whatever you call him, I will lay my poor rapier across his pate. For I do love thee, knight, indifferent well,—and some people can cry, “draw,” for a friend, who like cold steel no better than a pullet and truffles;—but let it pass,—he kisses my hilt by the significancy of the eternal illuminators?

Coddle.—Aye,—and mine too, goddaddy, by cock and pye!

Silvernib.—Your worship will recollect, that I did somewhat advise you of statute seventeen, year three, of Phillip and Mary, capital—

Sir A.—Tush—tush—Mr. Clerk,—what dost thou know of the rules and policies of government, which pretermits the observance of statutes and acts and so forth, in times of need and peril.

Wagger.—True, most worthy justice and just worthy. The stoup of Rhenish, an it please you, master Coddle—I pledge you from the inmost depths of my midriff,—for as an honourable and complete soldado, being the Baron Wrangle, said to me,—

Sir A.—Peter, bring another flask—a flask of 1594.

Wagger.—Says Wrangle to me, Captain—

Sir A.—Tell Robin Cook to send up some powdered meats and nicknacks to flavour our wine withal, Peter.

Wagger.—Says Wrangle to me, Captain—

Sir A.—Well, Sirs; two of the rogues pretended at Size to have caught the rheumatiz, which cost them the use of their limbs (a pize on them) in the stone room; when all the world knows, that the stone room is almost as dry as my wine cellar, and that the knaves were halt from their birth. And then—Ah! here is a flask of supernaculum—where be the powdered meats, Peter? and hark ye! a rein-deer tongue or so—and some of the Muscovite Caviaire—and a pickled herring—and Peter, a slice or two of the Westphalian brawn, and a morsel of that kipper'd salmon from Rotterdam—Hah! that's right, Peter—give me the flask, knave—Zooks! I would not have any man draw it but myself for twenty

rose nobles. Augh! a very nosegay—perfumed of the grape as ever my fields are of new hay in June.

Wagger.—By the immaculate Jupiter! a delicious dilectability to the nostrils—a most odorous dainty and dainty odour—mounting like the flavor of ambrosia to the sensorium, and driving thence the crude, foggy, lumpish vapours of mortal earth, and earthly mortality, as I am a poor gentleman and soldier.

Coddle.—'Fore dad, those be brave words—most sweet parlance—I prithee, Captain, how may one be possessed with the like excellencies? By Pop and Perrywinkle, I would I could hit the manner of it—Goddad, give me another slice of brawn; and Peter, a cup of that same savory smelling wine.

Sir A.—Well, Sirs, as I said, this is all the thanks I get for labouring night and day for the public weal—and moreover the jury acquit me my rogues, when at the very least I looked that they should all have been hanged. No man knows my masters, what I have suffered for the good of the county. I have thought for it—I have toiled for it—I have spared no charges—I have given up my sleep, yea, and my very dinner—I say my very dinner, for it—and to be so scurvily treated

after all. Thou knowest, Silvernib, and mightst speak to it, rather than sit there as dumb as a pig's head with an orange in its mouth—thou knowest, I say—by this light, that Hockheimer trickles down one's throat as fresh and fragrant as may-dew down a lily bell. (Godson Coddle, the lesser end of that reindeer's tongue, and put some kippered salmon on the Captain's platter,) thou knowest, Silvernib, and canst tell —(Peter, another flask of 1594,)—what I have suffered in mind, body, and estate for the good of the county.

Silvernib.—Of a verity I will lift up my voice in attestation thereof,

Sir A.—There was the draining of Coulterham pond, which thereafter made a pleasant pasture for the town bull.

Silvernib.—Besides three heifers and a brood mare of your worship's. Yea, and the thirteen shillings your worship gave from your own peculiar to the tanner's men for laying hands on Black George Slitpurse.

Sir A.—A murrain on the villain, he stole every peach on my garden wall last Michaelmas was a twelve-month.—Gently Peter; give the flask to me, Peter.—And did I not in my own proper person head the Posse

which lay in wait at Goslin common three good hours of a March night for mitching Dick of Hounslow, the flying Grazier, and North-road Tom?

Silvernib.—Marry did your worship; and by yea and nay the rogues were but lost rogues, had they not galloped past before we could betake us to our weapons.

Wagger.—I dubitate not by my hilts, that it was a sufficient ambuscado, and very worthily discharged—Odds daggers, Knight! I would I had been there—by the effulgent Diomedes, you had seen a poor gentleman of foot, confront those mounted roysterers in a fashion of indifferent hardihood, and perchance have beheld some slight toy in the way of proof of valour, and light escaramouch, as should be indicatively perspicuous and perspicuously indicative of the fashion in which we martialists manage such dependencies.—Here's to thee, my noble Justitio—my master of meadows—and to thee, Coddle—not forgetting thee, master Clerk (*drinks*) ah, augh! The very Uttar, as your Ottomite hath it, the very Uttar of the grape—pah!—the perfume of Paradise.

Coddle—(to Silvernib.) Think you not that he is a tall man?

Silvernib.—By yea and nay, a marvellous proper gentleman, a swash buckler, I'se warrant.

Coddle.—Alack, alack! would that I were a man of parts. Zookers, I'll try—Goddad—Goddad I say, by my bilboes, this pickled herring is the perfumery of Paradise, as I am a poor gentleman.

Sir A.—Anan!

Wagger.—Good, Coddle, thou coddlest! Parle superlative, and loquation luminous, is only usable in encounters of fancy and attaints of wit amongst men of worship like the Knight thy gossip here, or other honorable cavaliers, as soldierly courtiers, courtly soldadoes, and the like—stick thou to thine all unimaginable vulgate.

Coddle.—By toddles I thought there was no harm in trying—Grandam said that I had a head as well as my neighbours.

Sir A.—Go to, Godson. Thine head! why thine head is like a calf's—yea, and that only when it is stuck upon a pole, ugly without and empty within, to frighten away the crows. Ha! ha! ha!

Wagger.—Ho! ho! ho! a marvellous merry conceit—ho! ho! Knight, thou bringest salt water into mine eyes, which seventeen bullet wounds; eleven stabs

with single rapier, athgan, poniard, and pike; besides three captivities, have not done—I love thee, knight. Do me reason in this bright juice of the veritable Bacchus. Do I not love the good Knight? Speak thou, Silvernib, who sittest there swallowing liquid sunshine, with no more good fellowship in thy doleful visage than there is in a dish of salt fish and parsnips. Speak, thou yard and a half of underboiled tripe—love I not the good Knight—eh?

Silvernib.—By yea and nay I do believe that your honourable valour loves him heartily; for it has pleased you to dine with his worship any day these five years.

Coddle.—Aye, and by fidderkins to borrow thirty-five pounds, three pair of trunk hose, and one sad-coloured riding suit, barred down with lace conformable.

Wagger.—Right, man of clods and kine; proof potential by the cærulian thunder, that I do much affect my Knight: for I do *borrow* from friends alone—from strangers I *exact* at point of fox.

Enter Peter with lights.

Sir A.—Right, Peter—tho' by're lady I noted not that it was twilight—I rather took Waggerblade's face

for the setting sun, and those beakers of Hockheimer for his rays. Ha! ha! ha.

Omnes.—Ha! ha! ha!

Silvernib.—A sweet jest, was it not, Peter?

Peter.—He! he! he! Marry there is one below lacks speech of your worship.

Sir A.—Eh? what? gad a mercy, man! no more justice business, I hope—cannot I enjoy my poor meals in quiet?

Peter.—It is Betty Hales, your worship. She has lost her child.

Sir A.—What a murrain is that to me? doth she think I've got her child in my pocket? Give her a cup of ale and a groat, and let her go about her business.

Peter.—But she says, and please your worship, that it was last seen, and there be two below to swear to it, with Brown Martha the gipsy.

Sir A.—Zookers! then her child should not have kept such bad company—Tell her that I am not made of iron or stone—that I must have food and rest as well as others—by the same token fill your glasses, boys—so let them come again to-morrow morning.

Wagger.—Aye, by the interminable splendour of

Plutus, King of Tartary, let them troop off, or Bilboa will be wagging. Zounds, would they starve my Knight? would they labour the best man in seven counties, as if he was a hawker's jackass? via! let them decamp prestissimo.

Silvernib.—If it may please your worship, there be certain provisions anent child stealing, wherein it is provided that on complaint being laid—

Sir A.—Tush, tush, come not over me with your musty statutes.—Take you me to be one of those ass justices who are beridden by their understrapper like a nose by a pair of barnacles? Go to, Master Clerk—drink thy potion, man. Besides, my masters, to be private with you, I know no good that a man gets by meddling with those Bohemians—they can cast your calves, or mildew your corn, or make your chimney smoke, a murrain on them, with any witch of them all. Zookers! were I to sign warrant against one to-night, I might find myself swinging by my heels amongst the rook's nests, or sitting astride on the weathercock, when I waked in the morning. No, no. So go to, Master Clerk—and Waggerblade—give us a roundelay.

Coddle.—Aye do, Captain, and while thou whettest thy pipe, I will give you a prelude.

(*Sings*)

There was clumpetty Cuddy of Crayfoot fen,
And ruddy faced Dolly, and Molly, and Ben;

Sing hey for the yellow moonshine, Oh!

Went out in the morning, when cock gave warning,
All for to milk the kine, Oh!—

When they come to the stile—

Sir A.—Hollo—hollo! cease thy howling, thou foul mouthed brach, or I'll break thy ill favour'd visnomy with my tobacco stopper.

Wagger.—Coddle, rein up. When I twirl my moustache thus caracco! I can be dangerous—Basta—I say Basta.

Coddle.—I'm sure I meant no harm. The song was a very pretty song of granny's; and—

Wagger.—Basta—I say Basta—I will give you a slight chanson martial or song belligerent, which it was my hap to rehearse to eleven honorable cavaliers the night before the storming of Spandau. Marry, Sirs, ten were killed in the onslought next morning, but

the rest of us did win our way into the town at push of pike and point of rapier, maugre crowfoot and morgenstern, sakers and falconets, the fire of harquebus, pistolet, musquetoen, and carabine on the part of our opposites; the thundering bullets of which bore a jovial burthen to the canzonetto which we five surviving martialists did continue to sing in chorus, to the admiration of the adversary and our own immortal honour. Charge your beakers, my masters—Hem—a hem!

(*Sings.*)

Who fears fire and steel, boys?

Who fears fire and steel?

The soldier's delight, boys,

Is in the thick fight, boys,

Where balls fly and hot squadrons reel,

My brave boys.

Chorus, my masters.

Omnes.—Where balls fly and hot squadrons reel,

My brave boys!

Wag.—Who fears gun and blade, boys?

Who fears gun and blade?

The soldier had rather, boys,

As dinner see either, boys,
For fighting is ever his trade,

My brave boys.

Omnes.—For fighting is ever his trade,

My brave boys.

Who fears the very de—

Enter Peter, hastily.

Sir A.—Eh! what's the matter abroad now? any more children to be looked for in my pocket? Beshrew me, I shall neither have rest night or day anon.

Peter.—Oh, Sir!—Oh, your worship!

Sir A.—Zookers! nothing the matter with the brindled two-year-old, I hope?

Peter.—Oh no, your worship—but they've broken the Church.

Coddle.—Not the steeple, I trust, for it was the prettiest thing in these parts.

Peter.—Oh, your worship! here's the Bedral and Martin Sexton below; and they say that Get-grace-any-day Gibbs, Brand-snatched-from-the-burning Timkins, with a hugeous multitude, have come to parish church to pull down what they call the Halter of Dragon.

Beadle (entering).—Yea, may it please your right

honourable justice-ship, and they threaten to hang the great ones and the wise ones of the land as high as Ham.

Sir A.—Then Lord have mercy upon me !

Coddle.—Not forgetting me, goddaddy.

Silvernib.—Alack ! alack ; my poor wife and eight little ones. I think there's a special statute against hanging Justice' clerks.

Sir A.—What shall I do ? what shall I do ? Peter get me a cup of strong waters. Oh, it goes hard with the digestion when one's bowels are flammered and flurried in this way after meals. What shall we do, my masters ? Baby Coddle, Silvernib, Captain, help me at this pinch : will none of you tell me what to do ?

Coddle.—By cock and pye, goddaddy, the Captain is as sound asleep as a watchman ; he snores like a valiant man.

Peter.—Here be the strong waters, your worship.

Sir A.—Thank ye, Peter ; alack-a-day ! another cup, Peter—Oh Peter, Peter, what shall we do to keep out these bloodthirsty murderers ?

Peter.—Marry your worship I know not, unless it be to lock door and bar window.

Sir A.—True, true, good Peter, I thought not of that. Call all your fellows—here Robin Cook, Lawrence, Timothy, Molly, house, kitchen wench, where are you all? Draw bolt and bar, bolt and bar. I say knaves, wenches, if you lose me, you'll never get such another master—Alack! Alack!

Coddle.—A makes me weep, a makes me weep—Oh! Oh! Oh!

Silvernib.—Yea of a verity and me too—oh; oh!

Sir A.—Waggerblade, my friend, awake, I beseech you, help me in this streight:—I pray you be not somnolent.

Coddle.—Captain, Captain; tall man, I say.

Silvernib.—Up and be a-doing, noble Captain.

Wagger.—(*Pretending to awake.*) Yaw, yaw, augh! Set a stand of pikes over against the wood—blow me those raggamuffin Croations into chopped parsley! pulverise the firmament! Eh zounds, my masters what's the onslaught? what's the dependence? Caracco! one gets no more rest here than a French drummer.

Sir A.—Oh, my friend, we are sore beset; the Commons are in the humour of flat rebellion to Church and State.

Coddle.—Yea, and by toggins and ginger, going to hang both—as well as all gentleman of worship—Alack! Alack! would I were safe with Grandam at Coddle Hall.

Waggger.—Look you, Sir Anthony, and you my worthy masters: ye all know me to be a man lacking neither the power or the will to use rapier and dagger, single rapier, backsword, broadsword, or case of faultchions—what the plague is that noise? Oh! Peter, barring the hall door—but thus it stands with me; marry I have made a vow never to cross sword, or stand in opposition bellicose, to any man under the degree of honorable cavaliero, or gentleman martialist.

Sir A.—A vow, Captain? a vow?

Wagger.—Aye, Justicio, by my hilts, and as I am a poor gentleman! and vows, my masters, must be—eh! didn't I hear a shouting?

Coddle.—It were the cawing of the rooks going to bed. Alack! my poor Grandam.

Wagger.—Vows I say must be unloosed even to the giving up of that which we most affect, as your Eremit hath been said to give up wine; and a sufficient soldado like myself is compelled to give up doing battle, which

is by desperate Erebus the very breath of my nostrils : but to confront and bandy blows with base villagios, churl paysannos, and shirtless bisognios, via ! the thing may not be.

Sir A.—But Waggerblade, but Captain—

Wagger.—Good Knight, wound me not to the diaphragm. By fire and thunder I grieve from the very depths of my midriff that I cannot fight knee deep in blood in this thy present dependence ; but vows are holy and honourable things — merey upon us ! I'm certain I heard a noise there ;—yes, there, there.

Silvernib.—It is the wind amongst—Oh, my poor babes !

Coddle. — Lack a daisy ! it is a pity that your honourable valour is bound by this vow ; for I am sure by my certies that if it were not for that, you are no wise afeard.

Wagger.—Afeard ! Death and ten thousand furies ! afeard ! mongrel dog-fish, thou hast said the word—afeard !—I who have fought in eight and twenty pitched fields and led nineteen forlorn hopes—afeard ! I, to whom an escaramouch is sweeter than minced collops, and a battle better than gran festa ? Coddle,

for that base thought thou diest, though thou wert twenty Coddles all in one—afeard! Death shall inhale thy exhalation Coddle; grave gapes and rapier thirsts for thee—Basta!

Sir A.—But Captain, Captain.

Wagger.—Thrice inestimable friend, I pray your excellent pardon, but I cannot, without loss of honour, which is dearer to a poor soldado than life itself—Peter, bar not the back door, as you love me—bar it not, for mercy's sake—I cannot, I say, tarry any longer in this presence; for, by the inexpressible Ajax! I should not be able to constrain myself from falling foul, thereby violating the sacred respect due to roofs of worship; therefore—by Jupiter, there's a noise *now*—I give you a good den—Baso los manos de usted. I pray you stay me not, let go my jerkin, I say,—by the veritable Erebus, I hear them—Peter—Peter, shut not the back door till I get out, for the love of heaven, Peter—(*exit running.*)

Sir A.—Captain—Waggerblade—tarry,—tarry—he heeds me not—alack upon my sins! I am but a cast-away justice and undone knight—for zookers! I am too scant of breath to run or ride for it.

Silvernib.—My poor babes ! my poor babes !

Coddle.—My poor grandam ! my poor grandam ! for if the Commons hang me not to-night, the Captain will stick me through with his rapier to-morrow morning. Oh, would that I were at Coddle Hall, once more—(*all fall on their knees.*)

Enter Beadle hastily.

Beadle.—Joy, your reverence, joy—Simeox the game-keeper, Tom, warrener, and two others, have seized upon nine of the murderous villains, and brought them to your right honourable Justiceship. They are in the court, and bound.

Sir A.—Let them but spare my life, and I'll give them forty silver crowns, besides as much double ale as—

Coddle.—What ? — bound ? — Goddaddy, you apprehend not this matter. Certain true men have seized upon the mob, and brought it hither. By twiggles, but I am as glad as two pence.

Sir A.—Eh—what—who's bound ?

(*Enter Peter and other servants.*)

Peter.—Hurra ! Hurra ! The multitude, and please

your worship, who were for pulling down Dragon and hanging up Ham.

Sir A.—Eh? what? bound? brought in? Oh! and say you so in sooth (*rises*) in very sooth—praise be blest! zookers! say you *bound*? Mark ye there now, my masters—such is ever the reward of constant courage and courageous constancy. Had I taken the flight, as most had done in my place, instead of confronting so awful a danger with that resolute dignity and dignified resolution which men have ever noted in me; it is untellable what damage to Church and State had come of it—Peter, a cup of strong waters.—Master Silvernib, indite instanter to worshipful master Secretary, praying him to possess the Council with this furious rebellion; and how it has been my hap, albeit unworthy of such high fortune, to quell and dissipate the same. Master Beadle, lead our insurrectioners into my library, where I will examine them instanter; but look well to their bonds first, I pray you. And do thou, Timothy, tell Robin Cook to send hither some trifle of larded pullet or so, with a little diet cake, and such toys as are readiest come by; for by'r Lady I am somewhat o'erworn and toiled with this passage, tho'

think not Sirs, that I grudge either labour or danger in the King's service. Come, my masters, let us to this gear—Lawrence, tap a barrel of double ale for the household; and Peter, bring me another bottle of 1594.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.

The Grandfather.

A handsome apartment in the mansion of a wealthy English country gentleman. The time, sunset.—A view from the windows of an extensive rural landscape. In the foreground the Park filled with clumps of venerable trees.

MAY AND SIR MARMADUKE.

May.

'Tis a sweet evening—will you not walk forth,
Dear grandfather? The still and burning day
Has left his crimson shadow in the west
Outspreading wide, as yesterday I read
The eastern monarchs spread their silken walls
To curtain in the tents where beauty dwelt.

And see ! the uplands rich with waving corn,
Form a magnificent fringe of living gold,
Fit for the gorgeous drapery which they edge :
Yet not *all* gold, for tremulous silver gleams,
Shot from the broad disc of the glorious moon
Which rises clear behind the churchyard elms,
Pale here and there, and mellow softly down
The ruddy glow of the ripe harvest-field.
And hearken ! As the shadowy evening steals
With cool and dewy steps o'er hill and dale,
And with her fresh wing winnows the burnt brow
Of the worn reaper, how his grateful song
Rises and floats through twilight ; mingled now
With the glad chorus of his harvest mates ;
Now heard alone and sweet, now almost drown'd
Amidst the cheerful clang of the rookery.
Will you not forth, dear Sir ?

Sir Marmaduke.

I pray thee why ?

All these I see and hear, my pretty maid,
With no more labour than to sit at ease,
And look and listen in mine elbow chair.

May.

Nay, dearest grandfather, but sure 'tis sweet
To saunter through the dim and fragrant lane,
Where the soft breeze creeps up a natural aisle
Roof'd o'er by rustling boughs, there to inhale
The delicate perfume of the closing flowers ;
To hear the murmur of the rippling stream,
Whose shallow course is hidden from the eye
By docks, and flags, and broad-leaved water plants ;
Or listen pausing to the low soft note
Of some sweet bird, trilled in his dreams perchance,
Which, from the yellow gorse or woodbine hedge,
Starts suddenly.

Sir Marmaduke.

Oh, yes, and better still,
To meet young Vernon—eh girl, is't not so ?

May.

Dear grandfather !

Sir Marmaduke.

Nay—tho' upon my nose,
Their wonted seat, my spectacles recline not,

Yet can I see into thy little heart.
Tho' somewhat deaf, I *hear* thy blushes, child,
E'en in that tremulous "dear grandfather."

May.

And are you not dear to your poor orphan'd girl?
My kind, good, grandfather.

Sir Marmaduke.

Aye, a little, perhaps,
Since I have caused young master smile and sigh there,
Get rid of the few brains that nature gave him,
Because I let a goosecap like himself
Say Yes, when she had better have said No.

May.

Nay, Sir?

Sir Marmaduke.

Why, May, the boy's a very unthrift.
Did I not see him but the Christmas past
With a good beaver? yet a week ago
He meets me with another on his head
Of freshest block, with a band of goldsmith's work,
And feathers floating on the sunny air

Like pennons from an admiral's mast-head.
When I *first* saw his worship, I, whose eyes
Are somewhat worse for seventy years of wear,
Mistook him for some ostrich just broke loose
From the travelling showman's gilded caravan :
But when he nearer came, and my dim sight
Distinguished something of a form humane,
I thought, I do protest, that 'twas the man
Who guards our orchard—the stout man of straw,
Flying from's duty by the sail-like aid
Of a broad parasol, which some mad wag
Had fasten'd to his worship's gabardine.

May.

Dear Sir ! it is the fashion of the times
Which makes young gentlemen to go thus brave,
Not Vernon's costliness of inclination.

Sir Marmaduke.

Tush, girl ! a hat's a hat, and that's the best
Which is the cheapest—The imperial crown
Is not a warmer covering for the head
Than George the thresher's cap of grizzled felt ;

And by my faith not oftentimes so easy.
Young gentlemen, quotha ! why, girl, when I
Was young, my honoured father,—rest his soul,—
Gave me twelve pounds a year to find my raiment,
And such small braveries and slight adornments
As youth affects :—why now I'd wage a groat
That thrice the sum clothes not that fellow Lalon,
His worship's page, as he calls him ; who, with two
Belaced and crimson-coated swash bucklers,
Ride after him on nags that almost shame
His own gay sorrel—

May.

'Tis his quality,
Dear grandfather, and fortune in the county,
That thus exact observances which, credit me,
Do but run counter to his modest taste.

Sir Marmaduke.

His quality ! his fortune ?—good excuses ;
Good words to lacquer over wasteful deeds.
Why I had quality, and by the thrift
Of my good forefathers some fortune too ;

But then I spent it as a country knight
Who loves to hear the roar of his hall fire,
And see the smoke rise from the chimney tops
Of his vast kitchen, like the cloud that hovers
O'er Stromboli, or Etna, or Vesuve.
My serving men were clothed in single serge—
But what of that? They were well lined within
With mighty double ale. No gay device
Of broidery or lace was on their coats :
But there, wide open, stood the buttery door ;
Its shelves embroider'd with the vast sirloin,
The chine, the boar's head, and the great goose pye,
On which they carved devices at their will.—
I went not up to the black smoky town,
Where men gulph charcoal and breathe pestilence ;
Nor ever was a dangler at the court,
Though then the Lion Queen ruled gloriously ;—
But instead, I woke the misty morning
With the glad bayings of my cheerful pack,
And shook the night dew from the opening leaves
By the sweet echo of our mellow horns
Ringing through the woodlands. Ah ! those *were* days !
And then at night,—how the black rafters rang

In this old hall, to the loud cheery clang
Of platters and of beakers, mixt withal
With the half laugh, half shout that greets a jest,
Not for itself, but from exuberance
Of life and mounting spirits in the laughers.
And still, whenever the not frequent pause
Occurred in jibe or quip, and the merry din
For a brief moment ceased to shake the beams ;
High rung the harpings of the wandering bards,
Full of the deity of humming ale
And stammering broken carols to its praise.
Ah ! *those* indeed, *were* days.—Well, they are gone,
And here I sit a withered weak old man,
Like a sear trembling leaf on the top bough
Of an autumn tree, awaiting but the breath
Of the first breeze to lay me with the dust.

May.

Dear grandfather, I pray thee talk not so ;
Pray do not. Tell me rather how it happ'd,
That when the great Queen made her progress here,
None were so rich or brave in their adornments,
So gallant in array and in device,
As the retainers of Sir Marmaduke Grey.

Sir Marmaduke.

Ah wench ! in sooth art thou avised of that ?
And how ? Your dear lost mother could not tell you :
She, when the Queen did honour to my poor house,
Being a babe in arms. Who told thee, chuck ?

May.

I think, Sir,—I believe that it was Vernon,
Who had it from his father, with a caution
Against extravagance.

Sir Marmaduke.

Go to, silly one !

But 'twas a mad prank. Aye, I see it now,
As tho' the pageant passed but yesterday.
There were the old elms in the avenue
All twined about with roses red and white,
While rich festoons and garlands of the same,
Mix'd like the tints on healthful beauty's cheek,
In heavy draperies hung from tree to tree,
Impeding the soft air until they gave
Some portion of their perfume to its breath.
Beneath, upon the emeraldine sward,

Flowers were scattered, thick and beautiful
As stars of a frosty night. Overhead,
Mingled with the boughs of the full-leaved elms,
Which rustled freshly in the southern breeze,
Were canopies of white and azure silks,
Tassell'd and fringed with silver, to shade off
The too great brightness of the summer sun.

May.

And the Queen?

Sir Marmaduke.

Her Grace came up the avenue
Surrounded by her gay and gallant court;
And as they passed some openings in the trees,
Or where through thinner branches the sun's rays
Stole in, their dazzling lustre rivalled his.
For all the group was gorgeous as the morn
Is in the sultry tropics—All around
Glanced silks and velvets,—tissues,—cloths of gold,
Plumes,—jewels,—ermine,—mingled with the light
Of the blue steel from some stout yeoman's axe,
Or breastplates rich of knights and gentlemen

Who formed a guard of honor to the Queen.
Far round, and loud, the joyous yeomanry
Mingled their glad shouts with the merry peal
That rock'd the village spire; and flung on high
Their caps amidst the smoke of the culverins;
Whose thundering voices, warlike welcome gave
To the great hearted, wise Elizabeth.
'Twas a mad day!

May.

And then what said the Queen, Sir?

Sir Marmaduke.

Marry, Her Grace swore a round oath or two;
And looking round upon the joyous crowd,
Then on this ancient hall, its verdant park
Well filled with flourishing oaks, the meadows rich
With the sleek cattle, and the corn-clad hills;
Said, "S'death, Sir Marmaduke! let Phillip rail,
And Parma threaten; for a land like this,
With such a gentry, and with such a people,
I would, by stout Saint George! do mortal fight,
Woman as I am, not against *them* alone,

But against Europe—aye against the world,
Right, and a good cause, being on our side.”
Then did Her Grace call for a cup of wine,
And drank to the princely nobles, noble gentry,
And valiant commons of our native land.
And mark me, May, as she did drink this pledge,
Heaven bless her! at her bright and eagle eyes
Her heart o’erflow’d, and they were filled with tears—
Tears which misfortune, or defeat, or death,
Could not have wrung from her most dauntless soul;
Even as streams, whose frozen currents unmoved
Bear the rough buffets of the winter storm,
Melt in the soft gales of the balmy spring.
One precious drop stole pearl-like down her cheek,
And fell in the cup. I keep that beaker, girl,
Sacred as ever Papist did his relic
From Sinai or Jerusalem; and when
I go, as soon I must, down to the tomb,
That shall go with me, May.—But come, good child,
What to thy young heart is an old man’s story?
Get thee attired; faith, it were a shame
To keep you from the pleasant walk you love.—
And hark ye, let Dame Aliee go with you;

And if young Vernon and yourself outwalk her
It can't be helped,—she's somewhat old, like me.
And do you hear, May? passing through the hall
Bid Steward Pennyscales to bring the deeds
Of the Cumberland estate; you love its hills
And quiet lakes,—and Vernon too,—Now go,
And take an old man's blessing with thee, May.

SCENE VII.

Last Scene of all.

Florence.—A dreary antique room, with rich, but faded furniture, dimly lighted by a single lamp.—It is night, and the stormy gusts occasionally shake the high gothic casement, against which heavy rain patters at intervals. When the blast is hushed, the roar of the swollen Arno is audible, mingling with the rattle of the rain water descending from the spouts—Now and then a carriage is heard to drive rapidly along the street, and at times the wind bears by the very faint sound of music as from a remote part of the mansion—In a high dark arm chair, supported by pillows, and swathed in bandages, reclines ANSELMO.—ULRICA, a withered and savage looking crone, is seated nearly opposite to him on a low settle. A dull charcoal fire smoulders in a brazier by her side, and casts a swarthy light on her haggard features: she is occupied with her spindle and distaff.

Ulrica (sings in a low voice, untunable and tremulous from age.)

“ The grave is a gay marble hall,
Where death holds many a feast ;
And the guests at every festival
Are a thousand worms at least.”

A pestilence on this accursed flax ! would that it were twined into a rope to hang the grower. Eye and hand—eye and hand—both fail—aye both fail.—Sancta Maria, ora pro me—Gossip Ursula—marry they burned her it is now nine years come next month—they must have had a better fire than this to do it, Ha ! ha ! ha !—Gossip Ursula used to say, that to rub the eyes with the hand of a murderer who had hung three days was a sovran remedy—humph ! if they had not given her the faggot rather than the halter I had tried.

Sings.

“ The worms they have a gayer light
Than the perfumed lamp supplies ;
For their banquet room is very bright
With the gleam of the dead man’s eyes.

Anselmo (groans and mutters indistinctly.)

Ursula.—Aye, groan away, mutter away, wretch, more worn and impotent than myself. There thou liest, grey and ghastly—what good are thy hoards now! Hadst thou sense or feeling, thou wouldst give all—all thy yellow gold, sparkling with the tears of widows and orphans, to have half the life, half the strength of a miserable worm like me. Thou wert master once—now I am mistress—and I know not what prevents me using my power. I have had brave offers; aye, aye, there is one who would soon make the old coffers ring hollow—(*sounds of distant music.*) Yes! There he revels—a gay young ruffian, with his bold handsome face, his rich raiment, and a heart as hard and merciless as his sword. He would have me deal with the old man—and why not? he would make more misery in spending the gold than ever that pale lump of clay did in getting it—the better—the better—(*music again.*) Yes, there they revel it away, while I must mope day and night by a bloodless drivelling idiot.—There they are—the plumed and painted courtesan—the snake-eyed gamester—the bloody handed soldier—the courtier, all froth and sunshine in fair

weather, all ice when the wind changes. The blight, the withering blight, that shrivels heart and hand, be upon them all. Once, for a little space, I could laugh, and jeer, and revel with them too; but I wedded beneath their honourable notice to a fool. Humph! he's gone to his account, and now I can only curse them. May the black pestilence mark them with his burning fangs, cling to their false lips, breathe on their rich viands, and poison their spiced goblets.—Ha! ha! ha! how gay well the whole of the gorgeous company would look when they met blue and ghastly in the weltering pest house.

Anselmo.—(*Murmurs feebly and groans.*)

Ulrica.—Again! what he lacks now? food perchance—well, let him want it—he has made many want, and I am not in a mood more merciful than his used to be.

(*Sings.*)

The babe lay in the ditch,
With its throat gaping wide;
And none but a mastiff bitch
Howled by its side.—

The baby sate upright,
And spoke to the hound ;
While the moon gay and bright
Shew'd the deep wound.—

How went it then ? Oh,

Good dog, go to the gate
Of him who slew me—
Of him who slew me.—

I remember not the rest ;—wit and memory all gone,
—all gone. — Maria sanctissima, ora pro nobis, ora
pro nobis, —(*a long pause.*) I wonder if Ursula
ever saw him ?—men say she met him by the bronze
gate of the Baptistry in the time of the great plague ;
that the withered yew in the Piazza was blasted by his
breath, and that the marks of his burning feet are still
on the marble step.—How the wild Arno roars to-night,
and the wind howls as if spirits were riding on it.—
She once told me that if one should take a cup of blood
from the temples of a dying man and cast it upon a
fire, and then stir the ashes with a black crucifix,
repeating the Paternoster and Credo backwards, the
dark angel would appear and grant all requests.—One

might try—why not? but *he* has got no blood.—Mercy of heaven! something shakes the casement.—No, 'tis but the fierce blast; and the rain comes down in black floods, as though it would drown the city.—Hark!—hear I not thunder, or is it the wind sweeping through the long galleries?—it is a dreary night to watch by a dying man.

Anselmo.—(Groans several times very heavily; at the same instant the casement bursts open with the violence of the wind, and the lamp is blown out.)

*Ulrica.—*Merciful saints!—this is fearful,—why groaned he so? 'Tis such a night as the passing spirit would be visible to human eyes.—Mother of heaven, protect a wretched sinner!—*(kneels by the brazier, and in great agitation, tries to re-light the lamp.)*

Anselmo.—(Slowly) Ulrica! Ulrica!

*Ulrica.—*Powers of mercy! he has not spoken for months.

Anselmo.—(More feebly,) Come,—we must away;—come,—come.—*(A heavy noise is heard, as of a body falling on the ground; at the same moment Ulrica re-kindles the lamp, the light of which shews Anselmo extended dead on the floor.)*

Ulrica.—(*Looking round fearfully*) Hah!—'tis even so.—The old man's spirit hath passed,—whither! aye whither? I shall soon know, for he bade me follow him.—*Maria sanctissima, ora pro me, ora pro me.*

A VISION OF THE RED SEA.

I.

By the Red Sea I stood alone,
Before me heaved the gloomy tide,
Around me spread the desert wide,
Stern desolation's throne.

II.

I stood upon the Red Sea's strand,
The fiery sunset cast a flood
Of light which tinged the waves like blood,
As slow they rolled to land.

III.

Heavy they sank upon the beach,
And with a hollow murmur broke,
As if some suffering spirit spoke
From the green depths of each.

IV.

The wind, whose burning gusts all day
Had whirled the desert sand on high,
And woke the waves' wild revelry,
Had moaning died away.

V.

And scarcely to mine ear was borne
A sound—save when from far came past
On the still air, the mournful blast
Of the rude Arab horn.

VI.

Except when sudden through the gloom,
The sharp and startling scream came shrill
Of the wild sea-bird, all was still
As some fakeer's lone tomb.

VII.

The hour brought sadness to my soul,
And solemn thoughts of other days
Rose dim, as o'er the new moon's rays
The desert vapours roll.

VIII.

I pondered on the mighty host
Which slept beneath those purple waves,
The despot, and his countless slaves,
In that abyss all lost.

IX.

The wise, the potent, and the brave,
The prince, the warrior, and the seer,
The chariot, and the charioteer,
In that tremendous grave.

X.

And ivory and gems and gold,
And hollow armour, circling bones,
Fast wedged 'midst weeds, and shells and stones,
In caverns dim and cold.

XI.

Sudden arose an awful form—
A shadowy crown it seemed to bear,
Whose gems glanced in the lurid air
Like meteors in a storm.

XII.

A shadowy sceptre and a crown;
And regal robes of ample fold,
Gorgeous with purple and with gold,
A kingly port and frown.

XIII.

A kingly frown—too frequent born
Of power in those servile lands,
Where tyranny wild deeds commands,
Less moved by wrath than scorn.

XIV.

Before me thus the spirit stood;
While deeper still the twilight fell,
And darker heaved the heavy swell
Of that mysterious flood.

XV.

A voice then broke upon my ear—
'Twas like a midnight trumpet call
From some beleaguered city's wall;
Solemn, and deep, and clear.

XVI.

“ Mortal!—three thousand years have passed
Above these sullen waves,
Since with a mighty sweep they cast
Our bodies into caves;
Which ne’er before or since that hour,
Drank in the daylight’s silver shower.

XVII.

No host like ours, before or since,
E’er gathered for an Empire’s wars:
A thousand leaders, each a prince,
Sate throned in adamantine cars;
A moment—and that vast array
Was nought—the shark and sea-dog’s prey.

XVIII.

Broad as the valley of the Nile,
In front a mighty path-way lay;
The Red Sea in its great recoil,
Had passed from human ken away,
Nor from the loftiest mountain height
Could we discern its azure light.

XIX.

We plunged into that path-way wild,
 'Midst many an uncouth pyramid
Of rock and sea-weed, high up-piled,
 Within whose depths sea monsters hid
Their scaly bulk, as on the blast
The thunder of our march rolled past.

XX.

Weary the way; but in that host
 Were men with iron frames and minds,—
Men who from youth to age had tossed
 Their battle-banner to the winds,
And loud they shouted when afar
We saw the camp of Israel's war.

XXI.

Loud was the shouting—louder pealed
 A thousand drums, the trumpet's roar.
What, though yon cloud of fire revealed
 A presence we had felt before!
We looked but on that wide array
As lions look upon a prey.

XXII.

At once, like lightning, onward came
The sea—but not the sea alone,
For it was fringed with bickering flame,
While darkness made the waves her throne—
High as the clouds, above each head
Inevitable death was spread.

XXIII.

And from the darkness, Seraphim
Star-crowned, with burning forms and swords,
'Midst thunders volleying o'er the brim
Of that vast wave, proclaimed the words,
“ Thus saith the Lord!—I made man free,
Who strives to enthral him, wars with me!”

XXIV.

Mortal!—Those words, to us a curse,
Linger from that tremendous hour
Upon the peopled universe.
Go;—tell the rulers who would bind
By force or fraud the human mind,
The ruled, who combat lawless power,

That words, which here in thunder broke
When Israel baffled Egypt's yoke,
Still sound to hearts and minds which dare
The ever living voice to hear—
To them God says, " I made men free,
Who wars with freedom, strives with me."

XXV.

The shadow faded from my sight,
The deep voice died away,
And silence and the mists of night
Upon the Red Sea lay;
No star was in the ebon sky,
No murmur on the wave,
Silence and night and mystery,
Met by that mighty grave.

THE INDIAN DAY.

DAWN.

Now come the delicate sighs of the soft gale
First breath of dawn, the morn's sweet harbinger,
Which, as a herald, still precedes the pale,
Calm, silvery-mantled day-break.—There's a stir
Of life amongst the dewy opening flowers,
The hum of insects, and the ceaseless whirr
Of their light wings innumerable. Gem-like showers
Fall from the rustling leaves of waving trees,
While in the west the last star fades away,
Yet lingeringly, as lovers part at day
From 'neath their ladies' lattice. The cool breeze
Creeps on, as slumber steals o'er hearts at ease,
Fanning, with perfumed wings and breathings light,
The sober footsteps of retiring night.

SUN-RISE.

Forth from the gorgeous east, as from an urn,
Spring floods of crimson and rich amber light;

The heavens are bath'd in sun-shine, and are bright
As if with smiles, and then all blushing burn
Like a bride's cheek, who hails her lord's return
From his first absence. Who can marvel now
At that deep worship which the Ghebir paid
To his resplendent god, from the hill-brow
Which new-born sun-beams clothed, whilst yet the shade
Of night lay pillow'd on the mists below?
Or who could view yon cloudy ocean, roll'd
In waves of ruby, amethyst, and gold,
Nor raise his heart to that First Cause, who bade
The fields of morning thus to be array'd.

NOON.

Down from his blazing car the Lord of day
Hurls a fierce splendour through the sultry air,
Bright, fiery, piercing, as his arrows were
When, writhing at his feet, the Python lay.
The shadowless scene gleams dim through the white
glare,
And the tam'd tiger gasps beneath the ray.
'Midst smoking marshes and hot reeds, the boar
Hides from the scorching blast, while the worn snake

Lies lank and torpid in the deepest brake.
The spirits of the southern whirlwind soar
Upon its burning breath, and hurry by
Each shatter'd cloud that o'er the dazzling sky
Casts a brief veil—So man, as frail, is driven
By passion's withering blast, from peace and heaven.

EVENING.

Thron'd amidst thunder-clouds, the dark toofaun
Frowns grimly down upon the sinking sun,
With all his banners purple, black, and dun,
Unfurl'd for war.—The tribes of air have gone
Wheeling and screaming, flying from the gale
Like ocean mists,—A solitary sail
Shines through the gloom and o'er the murky river,
Like hope's last light to hearts it leaves for ever.
Now bursts the storm in one terrific howl,
Wild as the din of hell. The lightnings pale
Glitter through rattling cataracts of hail.
The clouds rush down in floods, the heavens scowl,
Earth shakes, and all its groaning forests nod :
Kneel, man ! and deprecate the wrath of God.

NIGHT.

The storm has past, and dewy silence rests
Upon the broad blue river, and the earth ;
The scented air is cool as tho' its birth
Had been 'midst Himalayah's frozen crests.
How calm, how tranquil—save were the plashing oar
Dips faint and far, rippling the lamp's pale beam
That shoots from mosque or temple on the shore,
Athwart the eddying Gunga's * holy stream.
And see ! the rising moon : around her gleam,
The stars, bright satraps of her silver throne,
Lighting the hour when, sadly and alone
The exile muses.—What to him are these,
The East's resplendent skies and fragrant trees,
This clime of flowers and stars ? — Alas ! 'tis not his
own.

* The River Ganges.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Return from India.

I.

I sit beside my lonely hearth,
Long years of toil and exile past,
My life is in its twilight path,
Still I have reached my home at last;
But other hands now cull its flowers,
But other footsteps tread its floor,
That clock still chimes the silver hours,
But those who heard it hear no more !

II.

I am a stranger in my hall,
The hearts which made it glad are cold,
Young voices answer to my call
But not the tones I loved of old ;—
With happy looks they bid me tell
Some story of the days gone by,

Or speak of those I loved so well,
I can but answer with a sigh.

III.

With smiles they urge me to recall
The memory of their childhood's prime,
For they were happy children all
When last I left my native clime ;
But as they speak some cherished trait
Arises with each look and tone,
Of those whose love has past away,
Of those who are for ever gone.

IV.

I wander on the breezy hill,
By hazel copse, in dingle green,
I pause beside the gushing rill,
When summer twilight sinks serene ;
Each well-remembered scene is there
Fresh as when first it met my sight,
But where are all the feelings, where !
Which made it still more dear than bright ?

V.

The harvest moon is rising now
O'er glorious fields of ripened grain,
And on the breeze that cools my brow
The bells of many a harvest wain
Come soft and sweet; but sweeter yet
Yon spire on which the moonshine glows,
That tells me where I shall forget
Life's toils and hopes in death's repose.

The Quiet Grave.

I.

Weep not for me when I am gone

To my welcome rest.

Oh ! place no chilly stone

Upon my quiet breast ;

But let my grassy tomb be made

In a most still and ever verdant shade,

Where blossoms scent the tranquil air,

And the pale drooping willow laves

Its boughs in some clear silent stream ;

Where the murmuring of far-off waves

Sounds soft as music in a dream :

Oh ! lay me there.

II

Let smooth green turf be all my grave ;

But let beautiful flowers

Gently around it wave,
To mark the voiceless hours,
In that hushed bower of repose,
By their sweet opening and dewy close.
Let violets, and all that bloom
On sunny banks, there woo the bees,
Shaded from summer's noontide heat
By thick and fragrant linden trees,
To hum their pastoral music sweet
Around my tomb.

III.

Oh ! lay me where the mildest beams
Of the setting sun
May rest in golden streams,
'Ere his bright course be done ;
Then, while the gentle stock-dove's plaint
Murmurs through purple woods—far off and faint,
Let lovers come ; but not to weep :
I ask no tears, save that soft dew
Which falls beneath the evening star ;
But let them love's true vows renew,
With hearts as pure as angels are,
Where calm I sleep.

*On being told that the Seasons were more beautiful formerly
than now.*

I.

Yes, many years have past away,
Yes, many years have gone,
Since lovely was the sweet, sweet May
And bright the summer shone ;
And glorious was the autumn time,
With mirth the winter rung,
When we were in our merry prime,
In the days when we were young.

II.

Oh well do I remember then
The countless flowers that grew,
I ne'er shall see their like again
For perfume or for hue ;

The flowers I mean of early spring,
The sunshine o'er them flung,
Air, earth, and sea, all glittering
In the days when we were young.

III.

The summer came—No summer now
Is like that time of old,
When emeralds waved on every bough
And the hills were clad in gold ;
When the sky above was a sapphire clear
Where the moon like opal hung,
For cloudless was the atmosphere
In the days when we were young.

IV.

And autumn too—From south to north
Beneath the glowing sun
Poured all its ruddy treasures forth,
Such autumns now are none ;
The western breezes blew more free,
In richer masses swung

The fruit from every burthened tree,
In the days when we were young.

V.

But winter!—What a jovial roar
Was then in merry halls,
Light footsteps dancing on the floor,
Green holly on the walls;
And happy hearts round fires whose glow
Their crimson radiance flung
Far out upon the silver snow,
In the days when we were young.

VI.

And was it thus?—Ah no! ah no!
'Twas but the dream of youth,
The winter cheer, the summer's glow
Are still the same in sooth;
That sense of bliss which brightens all
From our own fresh hearts sprung,
And would return—could we recall
The days when we were young.

The Song of the Far West.

I.

Come let us launch our birch canoe
On the lake of the silver waters,
Come while its waves are clear and blue
As the eyes of the white chief's daughters;
Come while the forest on the shore
In this crimson light is sleeping,
Which fills the sky, where the eagles soar,
And the glades, where the deer are leaping.

II.

Come let us paddle the banks along
With the ruddy Sumach blushing,
And listen there to the mock bird's song
Through the green leaves sweetly gushing;
Come let us watch the foam cloud float
O'er the falls past the sharp rocks driven,

Or silent gaze on the pearly boat
Of the moon in the glowing heaven.

III.

Then let us home where our wigwam lies
By the side of the purple mountain.
And rest in the balm of the summer skies
To the lull of the falling fountain :
Oh ! who would stay in the town's dull shade
“ Midst its cold cold sons and daughters,
Could they roam with a dark eyed Indian maid
By the lake of the silver waters ? ”

The Land of Dreams.

Where is the Land of Dreams ?

The land where sleepers see
Those smooth and silent streams
So calm and silvery ?

Those trees that are as still

As the shades of trees below,
When they sleep on the lonely hill
In the summer moonlight's glow ?

Where is the Land of Dreams—Ah where ?
For I would be a dweller there.

There, glorious temples shine,
Thick frosted o'er with gems
Unknown in earthly mine,
Or earthly diadems :
And ever-blooming bowers
In dim and dewy dells,

All form'd of light, and flowers,
And the ocean's glittering shells ;
Where such low music floats around
As 'twere the shadow of a sound.

Upon the ocean-shore
Of that resplendent land,
Where the emerald waters pour
Upon a silver sand,
The traveller may stray,
With sleep, his silent guide,
And watch the forms that play
Upon that glorious tide,
Dim and faint, as the mists that break
At sunrise, from a mountain-lake.

He may see the Nereids there,
Each in her pearly shell,
With long and dazzling hair,
Float on the ocean's swell ;
And hear the rushing sweep
Of the Tritons, as they dash

Into foam the sparkling deep,
 Whilst finny monsters flash
And toss upon the sunny sea,
To the roar of the sea-god's minstrelsy.

Where is the Land of Dreams?

 Where the hearts that earth divides,
May meet like winter-streams,
 When spring unbinds their tides;
Where, for a little space,
 Uncheck'd and unproved
We gaze upon the face
 We have so fondly loved!
And lose awhile the gloom of woe
That shadow'd our sad love below.

The mariner, who goes

 From his weary watch on deck,
When the midnight billow throws
 It's shadow o'er the wreck,
Forgets awhile the bark,
 With her masts all hewn away,

That drifts through storm and dark
Across its pathless way;
And to the Dream-land, fair and far,
Flies from the tempest's sullen jar.

He sees his cottage thatch
By the willow'd river's side,
And the bank, where he would watch
The white sails downward glide,
When the morning mist lay still
On the broad grey river's breast,
And sunrise fringed the hill
As with a golden crest,
And the sky-lark warbled from his shroud,
The thin white summer-morning cloud.

Where is that shadowy place,
Where the weary horse and hound
Renew the fiery chase
To the bugle's sylvan sound?
Where they brush the dew again
From the clover and the thorn,

While copse and woody glen
 Echo the wild, wild horn,
And the pack's glad bay, and the huntsman's cheer,
Fall faint upon the dreamer's ear.

Oh ! where is the land where friends
 Meet in those silent hours,
When the starlight dew descends
 Upon the sleeping flowers ?
There the changed, the cold, the dead,
 Return, and with them bring
That blessed light which shed
 Such joy o'er life's young spring,
As stars, that fade from morning skies,
Rise bright again when daylight dies.
Where is the Land of Dreams—oh where ?
For I would be a dweller there.

Retrospection.

I.

When the shadows of the purple eve are lying
Upon the dim vale and the green hill's swell,
And the saddened light of day is slowly dying,
All around us seems to say "Farewell!"
Every flower then is closed and sleeping
In the still air of twilight, and each bough,
Laden with dew, hangs droopingly and weeping,
Droops low and weeps, as doth my spirit now.

II.

Why are ye true, too faithful recollections!
Recalling happy scenes and hours long past,
In all the glow which youth and its affections
Cast over days, too pure, too bright to last?—
Why do ye tell of many vacant places
Within the lonely chambers of our heart;

Why vainly picture those dear forms and faces
From which for ever we were doomed to part ?

III.

Where are those eyes which made the leafy bowers
Of summer, lovely with their gentle light,
Where those sweet voices, which did wing the hours
Round the glad hearth-stone of a winter's night ?
Alas ! those eyes are dim, those voices failing,
Those cheerful hearts have sorrows now and cares,
And memory, while over time prevailing,
But saddens the cold twilight of our years.

A Childish Thought.

I.

I would not die when summer's light
 Gladdens the earth so green and fair,
Nor when the darkness and the blight
 Of winter chills the bitter air.
No, on some soft and sunny day
Of autumn let me pass away.

II.

I would not die when all is bright
 And glorious with the glow of noon,
Nor in the depths of cheerless night,
 When stars are few and sunk the moon ;
No, I would pass when vale and steep,
Calm in the tranquil sunset sleep.

III.

I would not that life's star should wane
While upwards mounting clearly yet,
Nor the last lingerer in night's train,
All dim and lonely have it set.
'Midst heaven's twilight let it fade,
Absorbed in light, not lost in shade.

IV.

Then let me not go hence while still
Youth flies with hope on wings of gold,
Nor linger till in age's chill,
The past, the present, all is cold.
Nor loathe, nor wearied, but resigned,
Thus would I leave the world behind.

To an Old Friend.

Old friend, thy brow as well as mine,
From time some warning wrinkles borrows,
And beauty's rose, or pleasure's vine,
Grow very rarely in such furrows ;
Yet grieve not that the wreaths we wore,
Retain their pristine bloom no longer,
But think how oft those wreaths we bore,
Sparkling with joy, when we were younger.

We both remember Julia Scott,
At Carlton House the queen of dancers,
Now her son's member, is he not ?
For Fairtown ; his two sons are lancers.—
But what of this ? 'tis right and meet
That in due time we yield to others,
The social circle's incomplete,
Without grandfathers and grandmothers.

And so, old friend, though I and you
 May shoot less true, and ride less boldly,
Yet when we hear what others do,
 Let's not receive their triumphs coldly,
But rather in those triumphs view
 Old days come back which seemed to fly us,
And if the brave young hearts are true,
 Cheer them as joyous they dash by us.

All springing up life's hill of gold,
 With youth, and hope, and pleasure glowing,
While we into the valley cold,
 Of age, down that same hill are going ;
Yet still we'll think of other days,
 When we two were as gay as any,
Nor grieve, but give to Heaven the praise
 That it hath granted us so many.

The Roads of Balasore.

I.

We have let the anchor go,
It has sunk twelve fathoms deep,
Where the green sea-weeds do grow,
And the crimson sea-shells sleep;
And while swinging to the tide,
We can hear the breakers roar,
With a sad and sullen sound,
In the Roads of Balasore.

II.

The moon is riding high,
The dull stars gleaming dim,
And is this a tropic sky,
Where so pale they seem to swim?—
Yes, it is a tropic sky,
And far off a tropic shore,

Where the surf rolls on the land,
In the Roads of Balasore.

III.

Unruffled by a breeze
Is the ocean's heavy swell,
And are these the tropic seas
Of which we have heard tell?
The azure, tropic waves?
Yes, I hear their breakers roar
On the wild and lonely beach,
In the Roads of Balasore.

IV.

At home a happy hour
Is this sweet twilight time,
When the dew is on the flower,
And the summer in its prime :—
And many think of us,
Whom we shall see no more,
Though we sadly think of them,
In the Roads of Balasore.

The Arab to his Horse.

Bound o'er the desert my brave steed,
The grey rock casts its longest shade,
Swift as my arrow, speed, oh speed,
And bear me to my Arab maid.
Beside her father's tent she stands,
And watches for the evening star,
For then, upon the silent sands
She'll hear thy hoof beat from afar.

Bound on my steed ;—our tribe can trace
A thousand years thy lineage bright,
Unmatch'd in Yemen is thy race,
Then prove thy peerless blood ere night ;
And thou shalt drink the gushing spring,
A diamond amidst emeralds laid,
For thee the fresh cool dates I'll bring,
While wreathes thy mane my Arab maid.

Bound on my steed ;—I've seen thee cope
 With the scared ostrich as he fled,
I've seen thee match the antelope,
 As light, as fleet, the desert tread.
I envy not the Sheikh, whose word
 Is by a thousand horse obeyed,
Be mine the Arab spear and sword,
 My Arab steed, and Arab maid.

Bound on my steed ! she waits to deck
 With silver bells thy glorious mane,
And hang sweet flowers round thy neck,
 Gifts that might make an Emir vain.
Bound on !—the far-off palms, I see,
 Where all our toils shall be repaid,
Unbridled thou shalt wander free,
 And I shall clasp my Arab maid.

The Fairy Invitation.

Come dwell with us in Fairy-land,
Where northern lights flash ever brightly,
Where perfumed gales breathe ever lightly;
Where rubies and amber form the sand
That skirts blue gushing fairy-streams,
Which flow sweetly along,
Like a lover's song,
Soft and clear as the new moon's beams.

We will clothe thee in a rainbow-vest,
And crown thee with a starry crown,
And give thee wings of eider down;
No flower shall be more gaily dress'd,
Not even the sweet and tender flowers,
Too delicate for human hand,
That gem the vales of Fairy-land,
And sparkle in its diamond showers.

And thou shalt have a dwelling made,
Lined with the humming-bird's plumage bright,
And lighted by the fire-fly's light;
With white moss roses carpetted,
And velvet heart's ease for thy bed.
We'll place it in some leafy shade,
By ivy form'd and eglantine ;
And birds who flit, the summer's day,
From fruit to flower, from flower to spray,
Shall lead a life less glad than thine.

The Song of Sherwood.

“If your grace, then,” said Robin, “will again honour with your presence one of Robin Hood’s places of rendezvous, the venison shall not be lacking; and a stoup of ale, or it may be a cup of reasonably good wine, to relish it withal.”—*Ivanhoe*.

I.

Listen!—Eight, by the convent bell—
Heavy it tolls—ding, dong;
It booms on the breeze o’er heath and fell,
And dies the hill-side along.
The owl hoots from her ivied tower,
The fox steals forth to prowl,
The dew falls on the closing flower,
Then fill the wassail bowl.

II.

’Tis sweet, at summer-eve, to hear
The cattle’s pleasant low,

Or blithsome herdsmen whistle clear,
As homeward glad they go;
But sweeter it is by moonlight fair
Through forest glades to stroll,
To breathe the hawthorn scented air,
Or drain the wassail bowl.

III.

Beneath his lady's lattice tall,
The youthful cavalier,
Now sighs forth delicate notes, which fall
Soft on the twilight air;
Then pledge, my mates, all lovers true,
For such, of constant soul,
We'll draw the glaive, or bend the yew,
Or fill the forest bowl.

IV.

The Eremite old to prayers hath gone
By the moonlight waterfall;
The abbot's feast is almost done,
The monks are sleeping all.

Give us a jovial curtal priest
Who ditties bold can troll,
Can fight a round, or cheer a feast,
Or drain the wassail bowl.

V.

Who would not be a woodsman free
'Midst forests green and vast,
To mark the deer dart o'er the lea,
And the good dogs follow fast?
The King upon his golden throne
Is not without controul,
But we, my mates, submit to none,
Then fill the wassail bowl.

VI.

The Norman knight wears Milan steel,
The earl wears velvet sheen,
But both have felt, and yet may feel,
That Sherwood shafts are keen.
Our merry woodsmen laugh to scorn
The curfew's sullen toll,

To Lincoln green, and bugle horn,
Then fill the wassail bowl,

VII.

Who would not be a forester
To hail the peep of day,
To see the sun rise broad and clear,
And the night stars fade away?
We leave the pomp of matin prayer
To crosier and to cowl;
Our altar is the hill-side fair,
Our font the wassail bowl.

VIII.

'Tis sweet, at purple twilight still,
To pause in blossom'd brake,
Or listen from the silent hill
To the far-off village wake.
The summer moon rides high, all bright,
The stars around her roll;
Then up, my mates! by such fair light
We'll drain the wassail bowl.

Leaves and Flowers, or the Lover's Wreath.

I.

With tender vine-leaves wreathe thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see,
In the dear eye that laughs below,
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! entwine
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine.

II.

Weave of the clover leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with a summer shower,
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! do thou
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow.

O, let sweet-leaved geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me,
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim,—but oh! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow.

IV.

Oh twine young rose leaves round thy head,
And I shall deem the flowers are there,—
The red rose, on thy rich cheek spread,
The white, upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

Why should we Sigh.

I.

Why should we sigh
For what's past recalling?
Tears from the eye
Like spring showers, falling,
As quickly should dry.

II.

Flowers will fade,
Aye, those we most cherish!
Flowers were made
To blossom and perish
In sunshine or shade.

III.

Some in the glow
Of summer suns dying ;
Some in the snow
Of chill winter lying :
Hearts wither so.

IV.

Lover and friend
May leave or deceive you :
All love must end,
And evils that grieve you
Sighs will not mend.

V.

When the moon's ray
Kisses bright fountains,
Do they thence stay
On their green mountains,
Or haste away ?

VI.

When the south wind
Plays o'er their currents,
Can its sweets bind
Those flying torrents?—
Are hearts more kind?

VII.

Woe is man's lot,
And all must endure it.
Better forgot,
For if we can't cure it,
Yet think of it not.

VIII.

Life's dream is brief,
And scarce worth our greeting;
Pleasure and grief
Are equally fleeting.
Hold that belief.

The Patriot's Grave.

Go to the Patriot's grave,
Liberty's son,
Live thou to smite, or save,
His race is run ;
But like the light of day
Burning through stormy clouds,
Still beams his spirit's ray,
Whom the clay shrouds.

Go where the Patriot sleeps,
Tyrant, and see
How he who death defies
Vanquishes thee ;
Death—all *thy* hate can give,
Awes not the free and just,
And their renown shall live
When thou art dust.

Go to the Patriot's grave,
Warrior ! and there,
Still to be free as brave,
Pause not to swear ;
Valour's most glorious wreath
Is that, which freedom weaves,
Valour's most holy death
Is, when *she* grieves.

Go where the Patriot sleeps,
Beauty and youth !
There virtue ever weeps
O'er worth and truth.
There tears from beauty's eyes
May cherish freedom's flame ;
Youth there may learn to prize
A Patriot's name.

The Rising Moon.

Broad dusky planet, I do love thee now,
Floating upon the dull low hanging haze
Like the red-bale fire, whose awaken'd blaze
Shimmer'd through autumn-fogs upon the brow
Of some low Border-hill ; when spear and bow
Were at the signal grasped, and every hall
Rung with the clang of arms, the bugle's call,
Whilst mustering squadrons eyed the beacon's glow.
Red moon !—let lovers hail thy dawning light
With silver lutes, and amatory sighs ;
Be mine to see thee in dim glory rise,
Spreading a gloomy splendor through the night,
As thou should'st gleam on camp or battle-field ;
Crimson as dying warrior's bloody shield.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING, "ANTOMMARCHI'S LAST DAYS
OF NAPOLEON."

"Napoleon was about to breathe his last! a slight froth covered his lips—he was no more!—Such is the end of all human glory!"—
(vol. ii., page 157.)

'Tis *not* the end!—he will live again,

In the days and years to come,

His name shall stir the hearts of men

As 'twere a battle-drum;

And kings, whose sires he had uncrown'd,

Shall tremble at the awful sound.

'Tis *not* the end!—although his life

So darkly passed away,

Not as it should pass, in the strife

Of some great battle-day;

Yet men shall turn from might and power,

To think upon that lonely hour.

'Tis *not* the end!—for many an age
The high-soul'd and the brave,
Shall make a thoughtful pilgrimage
To seek his silent grave;
There to forget his faults and pride,
While fancy shadows HOW HE DIED.

Stanzas for Music.

WHEN moonlight brightly
Shines o'er the river,
When winds breathe lightly,
And aspens wave ;
I think how once
You vow'd for ever,
To prize the heart
My passion gave.

But now, alas !
Thy vows are broken ;
Ah ! would that mine
Were vanished too.
Yet still I sigh
O'er every token,
Recalling those
Blest hours and you.

The wreath you wove
 Stills hangs before me,
The linden trees
 Where first we met
To whisper love,
 Still rustle o'er me,
And summer's air
 Breathes sweetly yet.

But thou art false,
 And soon will vanish,
From leaf and flower,
 Their summer hue:
My heart alone
 Can never banish
One cherish'd trace
 Of love or you.

Written off the Cape of Good Hope.

Spirit of Gama ! 'tis a glorious sight,
While the gale hurtles through our straining shrouds,
To watch yon planet, as she seems to fight
Her tempest-troubled way 'midst warring clouds.
Now, they rush past her, as the surges white
Which burst in thunder on our vessel's bow ;
Then on they roll, as black as starless skies
In the hot tropics, or all wildly rise
In waves like those that welter round us now :
Yet still aloft she bears her glittering crest,
Through rack and thunder-cloud ; as Vasco's bark,
Which the first silver furrow here impress'd
Upon the heaving billows, vast and dark,
Held on her stormy way, with glory for her mark.

ORIENTALISMS.

ORIENTALISMS.

I SHOULD be a very alligator of ingratitude towards the benevolent occidental, or accidental, reader who may, through great good nature, have accompanied me "Thus far into the bowels of Bole Ponjis land," if I did not warn that kind hearted individual of what is to come. If I permitted that respected person, in short, to wander on into realms of Orientalism, such as mine are, under an impression that she or he would there be amidst regions resembling, however faintly, those made glorious and gorgeous by Lord Byron and Thomas Moore, Anastatius Hope, Eothen, and the melo-drama of "Bluebeard."

The succeeding pages are of the East Easty; but of no such East as the reader has, probably, been familiar with. No "Gardens of gul in her bloom." No lands "Where all but the spirit of man is divine,"—but the simple prosaic East of this every day world, from whence comes salt petre, and the King of Oude's fa-

vourite sauce, retired Company's servants with orange-tawney countenances, Bengal indigo, and heroes from the banks of the Indus or Sutliij, all over glory and mustachios.

On the other hand, if, after this respectful warning, dear good aunt Jane, or sweet cousin Mary, desire to become a little acquainted with the "humours," to use a good old term, of a portion of the vast realm where poor darling John has gone to drill brown men, in a red coat; and poor dear Augustus, heigho! has gone to rule brown men, in a white jacket; I offer the following poor sheets to their benevolence; with all humility, and true affection, for those who love, and whose thoughts still kindly follow, the poor far away exile.

H. M. P.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

“To us at this side of the Ganges,” (which side?) “subjects entirely Indian, or at least Asiatic, would be in general much more acceptable than those, which we can easily obtain in our northern climate.”—*Monthly Review*.

“‘The Bengal Annual’ comes from about our antipodes,” (really!) “from the Calcutta Press, and is printed upon Indian paper. It would be well if the Eastern character had entered a little more into its contents.”—*Morning Herald*.

So the English critics complain that we are not Oriental enough, and your master begs that our lucubrations may henceforth be lighted by lamps filled with uttr; that we will compose in bowers of gul, growing green and thick under the shade of the tamarind and the pepul; that we will abstain from all food but kubaubs and pillaus; that our bread may be Bakhir Khana, and our drink sherbet of rose apples, while we tinge the web of our story with all the henna and soormah of the East.—

Very well, young man, tell my servant to give you a glass of gin—Oh—you drink nothing but Seltzer—very good—here, Joseph, a glass of Seltzer Water for Mr. Samuel Smith's devil—and young man, tell the Editor that he shall have an Oriental tale in the twinkle of Roshun's gazelle eye—adio!—for which I know no appropriate valediction in the language of this pleasant country, but “Ram Ram.”

Joseph—a duwaut, filled with the blackest ink of Agra, and forty thousand new Persian cullums—good!—a fresh chillum—saturate the tattees with goolaub—scatter little mountains of roses, chumpah, and baubul blossoms about the room—bring me a vast serai of iced sherbet, pure juice of the pomegranate, you understand, and now here goes.

It was a magnificent morning in the month of May, 17—, the thermometer stood precisely at 138° Fahrenheit in the sun, but was three degrees lower in the shade. It was a magnificent morning. The southern blast roared over the vast sandy plains of Hindostan with a voice like thunder, and the heat of seven hun-

dred thousand glass houses. The boars thought it a nuisance, and the tigers felt sickish; as for the birds and insects they had very little opinion on the subject, as most of them had been killed by the heat: but the snakes were prodigiously lively. — There — there's a crash! hark, what a bellowing, what a howling, what a screeching,—see those trees in the jungle waving to and fro, as if struck by the united force of a dozen north-westerns,—down goes a gigantic palm with a rush and roar like voice of an earthquake; he has levelled a hundred saplings in his fall, and ground two very respectable Yogeas, or Hindoo Devotees, into powder. But the uproar still continues, the trees wave to and fro like the black plumes of the Otranto helmet, their boughs groan, their knotty trunks creak and tremble; and in the mean time, the howling, bellowing, and screeching go on as merrily as ever. Let us see what is the matter—oh! as I supposed—a tiger and a buffalo, coming to drink up the last quart of water which lies in a little patch of marsh, have got themselves into a sufficiently absurd situation—a playful boa has embraced them both with all the warmth of affection for which his friendly race is remarkable. Nothing will

serve the two unreasonable brutes but biting, scratching, kicking, tearing, and butting at each other, besides occasionally attempting, with the most childish petulance imaginable, to incommode their mutual friend. But he, poor good-natured creature, quite unconscious of their dissatisfaction, has judiciously wrapped his tail round a pretty extensive clump of teak trees, and with the spare end of his body is uncommonly busy cracking the ribs of his companions, which go off like so many muskets; and otherwise preparing them, in the most approved manner amongst boas, for his supper—I said the snakes were prodigiously lively.

But the morning was magnificent.—If you want an image of splendid despotism, study the Indian sun—I don't mean a newspaper, but the luminary; Surya, Apollo, Balder, Phœbus, Bael, whatever you call him, in May. Everything flies, or trembles, or perishes before him. The only voice that sounds in his bright still court is that of adulation; it is the roar of the burning wind, which hurries to meet him from the far south pole, confessing the might of the resplendent potentate who drags the sounding blast from the icy silence of that unbroken solitude.

But,—as I think I have observed before—it was a magnificent morning.—Crack, slap, went a tiger's tooth,* which the hero of my tale wore round his neck by way of an amulet, fairly shivered by the heat; and the mighty Kubbadar Cham, giving three princely yawns, and shaking his curly head like a roused lion, awoke.

Rajah Kubbadar Cham,† Omanjee Bomanjee, Buhadur Jung,‡ a Raji Potri, vulgarly called Rajpoot, was the chief of an extensive and fertile Zemindary in the Soobadary of Budge Budge—washed on the eastern side by the pellucid Hoogly, and on the western protected by those mighty barriers of eternal snow, the mountains of Arrarat and Demawend. This fortunate territory had long bid defiance to all invaders; while the giant hosts of the celebrated Tamarlane, great Cham of the

* Chilly and chilblained English reader, this was told to the author by a medical officer of undoubted veracity, as an absolute fact. Billiard balls are said to have been split by the intense heat of Upper India.

† Very improperly called Khaun by people who are no Orientalists.

‡ “Buhadur Jung,” is a title signifying, “the Son of a White Mare,” a high distinction amongst the Raji Poti.

Tartarians, had rolled back from it, like the clouds from the mountains, on one side; the disciplined brigades of Lord Clive, Baron Plassey, had made a more regular recoil on the other; leaving behind them in a disastrous retreat Majors Mimms and Simms of the Calcutta Militia, and Cornet Dunstable, of the flying* Artillery.

But Cupid could penetrate where Mars was repulsed. Kartik hid his blood-red shield behind the cloud of disappointment, while Camdeo beamed forth refulgent, and lighted the thousand golden palaces of Kubbadar Cham. He descended in a shower of roses from Mount Meru. The bees of his bowstring murmured musically amongst the gently falling flowers, and the hearts of the maidens of Budge Budge felt a delicious langour as the perfumed air confessed the presence of the divinity.

Oh Camdeo! real prince of the powers of Indra-put and Meru, true emperor of Voikoont'hu, (for whoever is king thou art viceroy over him,) lord paramount of Vuroonuloku, eminent friend of the yellow goddess sitting on a cat†—guide thou my pen while I endea-

* Not called flying, because it retreated, but because it moves at a gallop.

† Shust'hee.

your faintly to pourtray that magic implement, which, with thy aid, accomplished what could not be accomplished either by the hosts from the Oxus or those from the Thames, and vanquished the invincible Kubbadar Cham.

What was that which smote the conqueror on his emerald throne, which flung chains on the victor and bowed down the mighty?

It was brilliant and changeable as the bow of Divus - Putee, when the rain cloud has kissed the young flowers, and Surya smiles upon them. It was sweeter than surool, or than the d'hoop when its fragrant vapours rise in clouds round the altar of Munusa—sweeter than the baubul tree, when the south winds wafts its odours through the star-light night—sweeter than the champa-kulee, when the Hindoo maids mingle the pearly flowers in their dark hair, and worship the lover of Radha. It was graceful as the white falcon of the king, or the waving branches of the tubu tree, or the kulakee floating over the turban of a beautiful youth in battle. It was precious as all the treasures of Parvez, and

more potent than the sharp chakkur of Narryan; in short—it was a young woman.

Nealini was the daughter of a devout brahmin, whose beard disturbed the ant and the geedhur* in their walks amongst the lemon grass; whose eye saw into futurity, and whose voice daily called the faithful to prayer from the minarets of the marble mosque. “La illa Allah!” cried the brahmin, “let us praise Mohommud, and Ali the son of Fatima. May the beards of the Sheahs become as burnt pye-crust, and their noses as curds and whey—Allah il Allah—Ram Ram—Huree bol—Mohommud Russool e Allah,” thus cried the devout brahmin from the high minar, while Nealini the young, the beautiful, the pearl of Jan ben Jan, and the ruby of Jemschid, was carried off in the grey light of morning by the daring Kubbadar Cham, attended by a heroic band of devoted Koranee Mollahs† and Gunga Jellees. Rajah Kubbadar Cham paused not for the waters of the Punchab,‡ nor did the crags of Moor-

* A kind of pismire.

† A warlike race, inhabiting the mountains of Chouh-bees Pergunnah.

‡ The name of a famous stream, which, mixed with the proper ingredients, makes a pleasant beverage, thence called Punch.

shadebad long impede his progress. Surrounding the fleet Meherrie, on which rode Nealini, the gallant band caracolled over the hills of Hooghly and the plains of Bundlecund—their steeds devoured the way and breathed fire, till on the third morning after their departure from Shajehanabad they laved their weary limbs in the waves of the ocean, where the gloomy mountains of dark-wooded Saugor breast the fierce monsoon, rolling back the waters of the Sea and the tides of the majestic Ganges.

Loud, loud were the cries of the holy brahmin, the luckless Rammy Sammy the father of Nealini. He thumped his bare head with a lotah, and cut several little gashes on his arms and legs with oyster-shells. He allowed the nails of his right hand to grow through the back thereof, and made himself exceeding filthy with ashes and chalk. He forgot the kulkee or ten incantations, and the kulma or confession of faith—In his agony his mind wandered; he caressed a little pig, and called it his lost Nealini, to the great scandal of many devout Moossulmauns; he became thinner than the kirkaru or Numidian crane, and paler than the kunwul floating on a neglected talab.

The fame of the wrong sustained by this venerable man spread from the Indus to the river of Tolly.*—
“Inshalla!” said the celebrated Tamarlane, “Mashallah! Istuffer Allah! Shall a kum-bukht janwur like Kubbadar Cham laugh at the beard of a true believer? Inshallah! the jackass is born who shall defile his grave—Mashallah! whose dog is he?”

“The liberty of the subject is infringed in the person of one Rammy Sammy,” said the great Lord Clive, Baron Plassey, to his council. “A Habeas Corpus has been granted by the Supreme Court for the production of the body of one Nealini, but the Advocate General wishes himself in Erebus if Kubbadar Cham pays any more attention to it than if it were a tailor’s bill. Now, as I am very careful of the liberty of the subject, gentlemen, here is a good cause for war.”

“What has he got in his treasury?” enquired the council, unanimously.

“Ninety-three crores, seventeen lacs, six thousand, eight hundred, and twenty-one rupees, two annas, and four pie, by Jupiter!” replied the Baron, rubbing

* A celebrated rivulet in the neighbourhood of Calcutta.

his hands. "Agreed — agreed,"—said the Board,—
"we must defend the liberty of the subject. Mr. Secretary, make out a resolution, and direct Major-General Sir Sangoree McAngry to march upon Budge Budge with the whole brigade."

It was some months after this that a customary night in the south-west monsoon, succeeded a day of sharp warfare around the fortress of Budge Budge. The hordes of the terrible Timoor, and the trained peons, or foot-soldiers, of the Honorable East India Company, had that morning by a combined attack carried the Pettah or fortified redoubt of Budge Budge, leaving to the despairing Kubbadar Cham only the killah or Donjon Keep. Situated on a lofty basaltic rock, that overlooked the Hoogly to the west, and was washed by the waters of the Jumna on the east, the fortress of the baffled chieftain seemed calculated to bid defiance to the countless host which had gathered round its base; and with a proud stern scorn, Kubbadar Cham looked forth through the mists and hot sleet of the night on the watch fires of the enemy, which gleamed red and dim from the thousand summits of the neighbouring Himalayah.

“Hoh ! Shakkabac !” said the Cham to a hookah-burdar, or commander of a thousand, who was making the rounds of the fort,—“Hoh Shakkabac !”

“Allah Akbar, Humdillahlah, Mahommud Rusoole Allah, Bus !” replied the officer addressed, with a profound salam.

“Dost think that by a bold sortie we could recover the Pettah ?”

“Mashallah ! Inshalla !” answered the dependent ; “everything is possible to the light of the universe, the booglah of exalted consideration, the hurgeelah of universal intelligence — but recovering the Pettah is wholly out of the question.”

“Soor and son of a soor,” rejoined the Cham, using those terms of endearment so soft and expressive in the tongues of the East, so untranslateable into the languages of Europe, “Soor and son of a soor, thou surely canst not doubt thy master’s fortune ?”

“Allah forbid !” replied the hookaburdar, “but oh, Koodahdad, descendant of Gunees, I implore you by Vishnoo and Boodh, to remember the terms of the prophecy.”

“Aye,” replied the Cham gloomily, while the cor-

ruscations of suppressed despair played over his varying features like the faint flashes of lightning through the clouds of the monsoon.—“Aye, ran it not thus?

“When the eater of jam,
And the eater of ham,
Fly with wings from the precipice hard by the river,
Oh then there is danger to Kubbadar Cham,
Which shall turn into water his liver, his liver.”

“That’s false, by Indra!” cried the chief, as he repeated the last line with emphatic scorn. “Shukkur Allah! I should like to see the grandson of that dog, who could turn *my* liver to water,—no, Shak-kabac, I will say with our own Firdousee:

“Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!”

“Yet I know not what to think, Nealini loves strawberry jam a deuced deal better, I fear, than she does me; and that eternal Major Mimms does nothing on earth that I can discover, but eat grilled ham, drink no end of soda water, and play upon the German flute. But as for their flying from that precipice, which the grandfather of goats cannot look over without making his head spin like a tetotum, that’s all stuff.”

"Sire," replied the dependant, smiling a grim smile, and at the same time drawing the forefinger of his right hand with a significant gesture across his weasand—"I would make all sure."

For a moment Kubbadar Cham was lost in thought—but his brow gradually darkened like a cloudy midnight—he seemed to gather a fierce inspiration from the wild scene around him. I have said it was a night in the south-west monsoon. Overhead a star and a half appeared wading despondingly through an ocean of black humid-looking clouds, which every now and then hurled down a cataract of lukewarm water (called rain in India) on the already flooded earth. Forty millions of gigantic frogs drank their fill, ate frogs less than themselves, and croaked like thunder round the fortress of Budge Budge; and they were answered by other thunders from the pitchy firmament, which kept rumbling and spluttering as if universal nature had the cholic. About every five minutes a man or a cow was killed by lightning; while a thick, dank, damp, steamy, fummy, clammy, hot moistness clung to every thing and everybody, like a close-fitting garment of Cholera Morbus turned up with fever, liver lappells

and skirts. Neither had the frogs and the thunder all the noise to themselves;—every now and then the jackals set up a screaming like the yell of twenty thousand furies; occasionally a wild burst of howling and wailing announced some village becoming extinct under the fangs of the blue Cholera; or a crash, a plunge, and a roar, indicated the precipitation of another with all its inhabitants and two or three miles of some worthy gentleman's estate, into the muddy billows of the Ganges. Then did the alligators smack their chops, with the noise as of a volley of small arms, and feasted like aldermen; in short, it was a Bengal night in the rains, so there is no necessity to say any more about it. Slowly did the Rajah Kubbadar Cham Omanjee Bomanjee, raise his eyes from the hilt of his jewelled khanjar. His mind had drank the gloom of the surrounding scene, and he said sternly, “By Mahommud! by Vishnool and by Ali! Shakkabac, you have raised thoughts which I wished not for—make all sure?—aye—if I was once certain!—if I could cease to cling to the hope that has alone stood between me and—

“Hush!” whispered the hookahburdar, “You *shall* be sure—this way, this way.”—

With cautious steps they stole towards the angle of a bastion, just beneath the bawarchee-khanah, or apartments of the women. As they approached the spot, they heard the twanging of a balalaika, and presently a subdued but not unmelodious voice sung the following stanzas to the popular air of "Life let us Cherish."

Sweet, my Nealini,
Sweet through the gloom
Sends the fair Lakneesh tree
All its perfume.

Leelooers wave
O'er the blue running river,
And the sighs of your slave
Like the lemon-grass quiver.

Haste then, Nealini,
While from above
Atun looks down
On our innocent love.

"Hold dog, and son of a dog," cried the Cham, as unable to control his impatience, he rushed from behind the buttress which had concealed him — "Breaker of your parole, pale-faced relative of swine."—

“Liar!” roared Mimms, for it was himself, a prisoner on parole since the retreat already mentioned. “Liar! how have I broken my parole by playing on my balalaika? But living man, be he prince or peasant, shall never couple dishonour with the name of Mimms.”

So saying, he rushed on the Rajah like a shark on a dolphin, flourishing high above his head that instrument which had so recently discoursed only beauty and love. In a moment Shakkabac sprang between the enraged Briton and his chief; his dagger glittered aloft, and descending quick as lightning was received by Mimms in the belly, not of his body but of his balalaika — there was an instant of fierce struggle, and the next, a long vivid flash of lightning shewed the ample white garments of the hookah-buridar fluttering in the dusky air as he shot down, down, a thousand feet, hurled over the precipice by the iron arm of the Calcutta Militia-man. A wild shriek mingled with the blast; it became fainter and fainter, and the following instant a rejoicing cry of jackals shewed that those ingenious animals were busily occupied in eating the respectable officer of

Kubbadar Cham. At this moment the guard came up, and Mimms was hurried to a dungeon.

It was midnight—Kubbadar Cham sate at a solemn banquet with his chiefs and nobles. At the foot of the hall, dancing girls, beautiful as Artee, sweet as Urguja, driving away sorrow as the Ispund chases the evil Gins* from the wedding chamber and the cradle, beguiled the time with murmured airs, delicate as the songs of the Apsaras, soft as the gush of the emerald fountains on Mount Meru. On the splendid carpets, intermingled with countless trays of porcelain and silver, stood vases of agate and crystal in golden receivers, where the delicate sherbets they held were cooled by heaps of sparkling snow — amongst those were the danties which expand the soul of the nostrils, and give appetite to the heart of the mouth. There was the bawur of exquisite delicacy ; the bayun, sacred to friendship in success ; the crisp paupur, the chulghozee, the crimson soup habramat, so dear to the traveller in the caravansaries of Iran ; delicious chillee with its mingled eggs of rare birds shining like pearls

* Not liquors, as might be imagined by people who are not Orientalists, but the creatures whom *we* call Genii.

and topazes; the excellent *peree* in its curly whiteness, the luscious booter, and burgeela, happy in the fatness that invites taste, roasted, wrapped in the leaves of the vine and the Indian-corn, and tempting the teeth. Nor was the khageener nor the pre-eminent eashikwa, fresh, fruity and juiceful, nor bowls of furatah, thick and flavourous of nuts, nor the kuleeah suftee gleaming white and soft as the snows of the Himalayah on a misty morning, forgotten. Neither was the kamakh, spicy and provoking appetite, omitted; nor the narba, rich with pomegranate juice; nor that delicious kisak, the secret of which was first revealed in a dream to Sadi Kabaub, chief cook to the Calif Houran Alraschid.

Kubbadar Cham sat sad and silent in the midst of this magnificence. He partook of nothing but a few curries and pillaus; a stew of kid, vinegar, garlick, prunes, peaches, figs, saffron, green ginger, and new potatoes called chug; some sour cream, well sugared, powdered with cinnamon, and filled with burnt almonds and lemon peel, and half a dozen bottles of London porter. The rest ate as men do in a besieged fortress; that is uncertain of the future and wisely laying in a supply to meet the uncertainty.

“ Chiefs, Rajahs, Hookahburdars, Punkahburdars, Chams,” said the chieftain, after the bottle had circulated pretty briskly for about an hour. “ My harem—beard of the prophet, mustachios of Budh—my harem has been dishonored by a scoundrel of a Feringhee making a lugubrious howling under the verandah—what is his doom ?”

“ Burn him,” responded the chiefs with edifying unanimity, and a profound salam.

“ And Nealini, to whose renown he awoke this atrocious uproar.”

“ Burn her,” answered the nobility, taking off their heel taps.

“ I had decided on it,” added the Rajah, “ before I asked your opinion. See all things ready for execution by day-light to-morrow, on the south bastion over the river. Mashallah! by Vishnoo! the pale-faced dogs shall see their Mimms roast like a jungly kurgosh—Salam Alikoom, Ram Ram—good night.”—

It was morning. The air was at once raw, hot, and damp. A sort of tepid mist gushed every now and then from the black over-laden clouds which rolled upon each other in massive confusion; occasionally one hurried along by the fitful gusts would be shattered into

fragments against some darker and heavier rock of the heavens, and then awoke the thunder with a long low muttering, while a few larger rain drops fell with a sounding and melancholy plash. Such is Bengal. On the south bastion of the fortress of Budge Budge most of the garrison were assembled, forming three sides of a hollow square; on the fourth was a battery, crowning the precipice over which Mimms had hurled the excellent Shakkabac. In the centre rose a vast pile of brush-wood, faggots, pots of oil, pitch, resin, and other combustibles. On the summit of the pyre stood the dark-eyed Nealini and the undaunted Mimms. She, bent as a drooping lily; he, erect as a forest oak: she, with her eyes downcast in terror and modesty, for she was unveiled before many men; he, looking thunder and lightning at Kubbadar Cham, at his army, at heaven and earth. Proudly stood the British hero in white shorts and silks, a red coat and brass buttons, with a pair of tasty fringe epaulettes hanging well in front, a narrow tight white neckcloth, hair elaborately curled and powdered, a gold laced three-cornered cocked hat, and a pig tail. His beautiful companion clung to him as the honeysuckle to the elm, now turning her large

dark eyes on his for consolation, then hurriedly glancing around in her despair. Mimms ever “plus grand que le sort,” now turned to comfort his partner in affliction, now to vent his wrath on the Hindoo chieftain. “Be calm, sweetest.—You particular pig!—Suffocation is a trifle, and we shall be suffocated long before we are burnt.—I wish I had your confounded black long nose within reach of my thumb and forefinger!—My beloved Nealini—You’re not worth kicking!—Even in this last hour—You baboon-faced blackguard!—I die happy, for you are by my side—May you be particularly——“ Ah poor Bob!” said the Major to a sad and austere-looking creature, which in the shape of an immense grey bird with long white legs and a grizzled head, alighted on one corner of the pile, “poor Bob, never more shall I give thee a cat to swallow, or a shoulder of mutton, or a box of calomel pills. By Jupiter, a thought strikes me! cling to me, Nealini; they fire the pile: cling to me for life, for life!” The smoke ascended through the brush-wood as Mimms caught Nealini in one arm, and making a prodigious spring clasped the bewildered Adjutant round the neck with the other. The astonished bird, whose

gravity and staidness of demeanor were infinitely disturbed by this unexpected embrace, suddenly betook himself to his wings, and staggering and fluttering rose a few yards in the air; but the weight of two human beings was unfavorable to this mode of progression. Says the Adjutant to himself, "I am not the Rokh, who carried Sindbad the sailor and a couple of elephants;" so as he had gone too far to "fetch," as sailors call it, the battlements of the fortress again, he let himself gently fluttering down to earth, breaking the fall of the two individuals, who clung to him as though his broad mighty wings were Mons. Lunardi's parachute, and not coming on Terra Firma with a thud, and a thwack; but softly, and like a snow flake or a rose leaf. The beleaguering army shouted for joy at this novel and curious spectacle, and in a few minutes the happy and miraculously preserved lovers were safe in the British camp.

Kubbadar Cham saw, that the prophecy was accomplished, "The eater of ham and the eater of jam" *had* "flown with wings from the precipice hard by the river." He accordingly followed the most approved practice on such occasions, cut the throats of all his

wives, threw all his little children into the wells, put on a pair of small clothes well dyed with turmeric, and having swallowed an ounce or two of opium, rushed out on His Majesty's 120th Foot, and the Honorable Company's 97th or Tolly's Nullah Invincibles, who very politely received the chief and his followers on their bayonets.

As for the hero and heroine of our tale, who does not recollect the parties of the accomplished Lady Mimms at her mansion in Portland Place, her golden pawn-box, her diamond hookah, the emerald in her nose, and her crimson silk trowsers? Who does not recollect General Sir Godfredo Mimms, K.B., with his side curls and his pig-tail, his no-shirt collar and strangulation-looking white cravat, his orange-tawney visage, and his legs on the table? Frequently would this worthy couple relate the marvellous history of their escape from the fangs of the Hindoo chief; but although it was generally submitted to with great magnanimity, in consideration of an excellent dinner, it was invariably received by the hearers AS AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE ADJUTANT. *

A BENGAL ECLOGUE.

I.

Leave me, my friend—for now they suit right well
The hour—the gloomy scene—and mine own mood
—The rain will not return—too late it fell,
Besides I've a great coat—don't think me rude
But *au revoir*—you dine out too—'tis late
And the Fitz-Huggenses, you know, don't wait.

II.

Pat, pat—how that mare steps out with the buggy ;
Charles is a judge of horses—so a'nt I.
Whew ! what a night—now damp and chill, now muggy,
And what a scene around and what a sky,
As if sad Nature wove a funeral pall
For one of her worst handyworks—Bengal.

* This has no allusion to any gentleman of the Regimental Staff, who prepares aspiring heroes for the field of Mars, but to that venerable, sad, not to say austere bird, which ornaments in so remarkable a manner, the house tops and monuments of Calcutta. The *Arden dubia* or Gigantic Heron of Bengal.

III.

Slime of a tainted river on whose crest

The festering corpses cluster—but I wont
Quite anathematize my place of rest

There may be worse, though where, God knows, I don't.
Lyon quotes Murzouk's horrors, Denham, Shary's,
But then they never passed the James and Mary's.

IV.

At all events 'tis bad enough for me ;

And so, with some one, " hail ye horrors, hail !"
Far to the right dark looms the fatal tree,

Full in the front the Hospital, and Jail ;
A funeral dimly winds along the road,
As usual, there's the Cholera abroad.

V.

Silent and dark it passed—'tis out of sight ;

And now I stand indeed in solitude,
While round me gathers the quick falling night

And the damp breeze comes fitful—thus he stood
Faust, on the lone wold meditating evil,
I wonder if one *could* now raise the devil.

VI.

'Tis just the time and very place to try,
For though not midnight there's as black a shade
In the wild air. The storm-clouds roll on high
Broken and toss'd; as if dark spirits sway'd
Their fragments to and fro, while low and deep
The thunders mutter—"Lo, we do not sleep!"

VII.

But the forked lightning in his cloudy cave
Rests like an unroused snake—the flash would be
Unsuited to the scene, as 'twould to have
In charnel vaults the ball lamp's brilliancy.
No—tears alone should come from such sad skies
In slow great drops, like those from sullen eyes.

VIII.

Even as I speak—the driving rain descends,
Not in a gentle sentimental shower,
But one that drenches to the finger ends
In less than half the tenth part of an hour.
Roaring and hissing as it falls—in fact
A specimen of "Heaven born" cataract.

IX.

And as it rattles down a mist arises

From out the hot breast of the batter'd ground,
Hiding the "Palaces" of sorts and sizes

That spread in whitewash'd majesty around ;
Hiding the city lights, the dome, the fort ;
All that is more than three yards off, in short.

X.

And just within that distance, I behold

A figure grizzled and austere, like Time,
Save that 'tis twice as grim, and twice as old,

A creature that must sure have seen the prime
Of the fresh, beautiful earth—and after that
Left Noah's Ark ashore on Ararat.

XI.

It hath a solemn, sober, staid demeanour,

Like the head usher on a flogging day,
Two glassy eyes, that have no more of keen or

Living glances, than two balls of clay ;
And legs like wither'd reeds ; long, white and small,
Fit for the very Genius of Bengal.

XII.

The Genius of Bengal!—perhaps 'tis he
Tasting the pleasures of an Eastern eve,
Which no one seems to taste but him and me ;
At all events 'tis pleasant to deceive
One's fancy ; and I'll try now if I can't
Behold *that* Genius in *this* Adjutant.

XIII.

Yes—there are wings—those sombre dripping wings,
Down which the rain in heavy globules rolls ;
Sure, if he opens them their winnowings
Will fan the life from very many souls,
For underneath their dismal folds *must* nestle
Plagues that defy the mortar and the pestle.

XIV.

And there's a skull-like head on which a crown
Dim, grey, and shadowy, such as death might wear,
Sits lightly—'tis not the pale plummy down
Stirred by the wind, though such it doth appear,
But the rank steam of many a fierce disease
Condensed by the chill breath of this damp breeze.

XV.

There too's an eye, whose leaden look is fraught

With the drear torpor which in this blest land
Thickens the fever'd blood, dulls sense and thought,
Deadens the heart, and shakes the clammy hand ;
Pah ! that one look's enough—it makes me feel
That I lack tonics—port, quinine, and steel.

XVI.

Behold again that callous maw, whose gape

Is like the yawning of an antient tomb.

In vain his sallow subjects to the Cape

Or Sydney fly—they cannot fly the doom
Those jaws denounce, whose clangings seem for ever
To smack of ague, liver, spleen and fever.

XVII.

Yes, such *must* be the Genius of the Land ;

We all have seen him through the twilight dim
On some tall sepulchre assume his stand,
Silent and motionless, and grey and grim,
As if in gloomy joy he brooded o'er
Those who had come to perish on his shore.

XVIII.

The conquerors of nations—those who swayed
The destinies of monarchs—and the wise,
Who guided to its aim the hero's blade,
Are dust beneath his feet ; and those who rise
Beautiful in our dreams—the loved—the fair
Could he not spare them—no ! they moulder there.

XIX.

Rajahs and Sultans, whose dark flashing eyes
Beheld your jewell'd turbans spoil'd and riven,
And called for vengeance to your native skies,
Too well are ye avenged—that burning heaven
Pours pestilence on the pale victor's crest,
Smiting the strength and flower of the West.

XX.

Oh home—my home—why do your shadows rise
To my sad mind in such a dreary scene,
Would that I could forget thy cheerful skies,
Or what I am, or what I might have been ;
Poor—but with calves—more humble but less yellow,
With more digestion—if with less to swallow.

XXI.

Oh home—my home—in that one little word
How many sweet connections are entwined;
The morning carol of the soaring bird,
The fragrant breathings of the evening wind,
O'er summer meadows—bearing on its wings
The far-off streams' delicious murmurings.

XXII.

Th' invigorating winter blast, the bay
Of the glad pack within the echoing wood;
Then the dear comforts of the close of day,
The fireside circle, and the cheerful mood
Of hearts made light by health; and more than all
The feeling that we are not in Bengal.

XXIII.

“And what the Pestilence has brought you here?”
Methinks my grisly opposite replies;
If not in terms direct, yet with a queer
And question-asking glance of his dull eyes,
“I'm sure we do not want—could do without you,
And wish you at the devil”—devil doubt you.

XXIV.

But truly, as you say, what brought us here ?

To leave our bones in your pestiferous clime,
Or after thirty years of wear and tear

With looks and forms, "one step from the sublime,"
To totter home,—with just enough perchance,
To buy a *tombeau* in the South of France.

XXV.

What brought us here ? let the worn soldier speak,

The Captain of some twenty hot campaigns ;
Or the o'erwrought Civilian—with a cheek

Of dusky hectic, burning hand, and brains
As wither'd as the hopes which breathe their last
Mostly e're Saugor Island's fairly past.

XXVI.

Saugor ! fit portal to this land of death,

This Golgotha, this grave of broken hearts
And blighted prospects—let the fiery breath

Of thy rank jungle cast its fever darts
Upon young victims ; let them cease to be
Ere they can curse the hour they look'd on thee.

XXVII.

Spare them the exile's weariness of soul

That deepens as life passes—the sad days

That onward with unvarying dullness roll

Each heavier than the last; and they would praise,
If they knew all, the mercy of the doom

Which takes a few dark years—and gives a tomb.

XXVIII.

Spare them from lingering here—and oh ! still more,

Spare them that desolate and sad return

Unto the half-forgotten native shore

Where, while few greet them, *they*, alas, must mourn ;
Mourn for the changed, the selfish, and the dead ;
Whom once they loved ere life's first sunshine fled.

XXIX.

Say I not sooth, thou dull and dingy thing,

Genius, Argeelah, Adjutant, whate'er

Name thou affectest most ?—Could I not sing

Of wretchedness as plenteous as the air,
The burning air we breathe ?—but I'll not grumble
Though all our hopes each day become more humble.

XXX.

No—rather now that thou and I together
Are standing by the side of this lone swamp,
Thy smiling home perhaps, and that the weather
Is tolerably cool, though somewhat damp,
Just fit for conversational enjoyments,
Would ask you of your past life and employments.

XXXI.

I've mentioned my opinion of your age,
So, without loss of time, we pass that over,
No doubt you saw King Sudraka, the Sage,
Write of Vansantaséná and her lover
But pass that too—and above all don't bore us
With tales of Alexander and king Porus.

XXXII.

Though thou didst stand by Attock, and beheld
Greek armour glancing in the Indian sun,
Helmet, and crest, and spear, and bossy shield,
Like a bright winding river on the dun
And restless desert—while the air around
Shook with the Macedonian trumpet's sound.

XXXIII.

Ha !—one plumed warrior plunges in the stream,
His horse paws up a cloud of glittering spray,
His broad short sword is flashing like a beam
Of sunshine on a cataract—the array
Wheel round him in a blazing curve—'tis he !
Olympias' son—the Lord of Victory !

XXXIV.

Glory and gore—a dazzling ghastly mist
Forming the fiery halo round his name,
His banners never but by triumph kissed,
The empires, that were counters in his game,
Make the bright bloody jumble which we ponder
In musing o'er the life of Alexander.

XXXV.

Yes, there he stands, who to his golden car
Chained fortune,—scanning with his eagle glances
The iron files of Macedonia's war,
Veterans as tough and fearless as their lances,
And ready right or wrong to have a fling
At good King Porus, here called Bulwunt Sing.

XXXVI.

Doubtless, oh Adjutant ! thou sawest this,
And also Genghiz Khan, and Timoor Beg,
And the stern Lord of Ghizni ; he whose bliss
Was breaking Shiva's head, or Indra's leg ;
But turn to greater heroes—chief of which is
A punchy looking man with crimson breeches ;

XXXVII.

As Zoffany has painted—by his side
Stands Jaffier Ally Cawn ; to whom you know
The British warrior, with a modest pride,
Is lending half a sovereignty or so.
Jaffier looks blandly, with a smile paternal,
But nathless wishes Satan had the Colonel.

XXXVIII.

The Colonel !—a Napoleon in his sphere,
Grasping as brave, unscrupulous as wise ;
A kind of legal, regal buccaneer,
Who treated empires like a Spanish prize ;
Took, spoiled, broke into fragments ; but alive
Or dead, few mate with that same Colonel Clive.

XXXIX.

So hasten, tell me, for my soul's on fire

Thinking of those great days of glorious strife,
When Gunga's hollow banks rung with that lyre
And shell of Britain, called the drum and fife;
Did'st thou behold those heroes who of yore
Batter'd Budge Budge, and took Chandanagore?

XL.

Immortal men!—were not their glorious brows
With laurels, powder and pomatum cover'd,
Besides gold laced cock'd hats; with many rows
Of curls that shook not, though above them hover'd
The wings of Victory? whose first rich fruits
Were shared by folks with tie wigs and jack boots.

XLI.

Men who prepared ambrosial Sangaree,
And double Sangoree or Sangororum;
Now took a fleet, now sold a pound of tea,
Weighed soap, storm'd forts, held princes *in terrorem*,
Drank, fought, smoked, lied, went home, and, good papas,
Gave diamonds to their little boys for taws.

XLII.

Happy those times, my Adjutant, when "Chiefs"
Ruled Provinces for four half crowns per day,
Yet prospered somehow, even as the sheaves
Which dreaming Pharoah saw.—Fat kine were they,
We are the lean—nor were their gleanings less
Through any freedom of the Indian Press.

XLIII.

Ah why was I not born in those blest days,
Truly the Golden Age of such as came
To live on brandy punch and dare the blaze
Of our Bengally sunshine—'tis a shame
That all the golden hues which shine in this age
Shine less upon the pocket than the visage.

XLIV.

Ha! dost thou answer! no, it is the sigh
Of a more drear and melancholy blast,
On dusky wings a wilder storm draws nigh,
And from its lair the thunder wakes at last,
A danker mist thickens the dull air of night
And shuts my gaunt companion from my sight.

XLV.

But first, one rattle of that bony beak

Rings like a bell funereal through the air,

Saying, as plain as ominous sound can speak,

“Thou curious fool, of thine own doom beware,

Perchance the next grey tomb I make my throne,

If thou stands't chattering here—may be *thine own*.”

THE CHOKEYDAR.

THE CHOKEYDAR.

Unhappy stranger, thou hast arrived in Calcutta! Emphatically I repeat, unhappy stranger!—It is an August night. Thou hast gone to thy lumpy, clammy, sticky, hard, comfortless bed, the wretchedest of individuals. The bitterness of thine exile to a steam kitchen comprehending three hundred thousand square miles, of thy banishment to an atmosphere like that which pervades the pump-room at Bath, is upon thee. Thy poor eyes ache with the recollection of chalky walls refreshingly set off by the white glare of a sunshine measuring 137 of Fahrenheit. Thine head is dizzy with the astounding specimens of the eighty-six orders of architecture peculiar to the “City of Palaces.” Thy heart is sick of the green blinds, thy nose still reeleth with the unsavoury smells which, with every puff of hot wet air, go to and fro seeking whom they may suffocate.

Thy very soul is as damp as a half-wrung dishcloth with the atmosphere of the British Indian Metropolis. May be, in the course of the morning, thou hast poured forth thine expectations, thy little all of hope for kindness and sympathy, in the shape of a gilt-edged paper letter, sealed with a heat obliterated coat of arms in red wax, at the feet of the great Mr. Peregrine Staines of the well known firm of Staines, Winkelthorp, Summery and McGillicuddy, and the amount of said sympathy has been an invitation to dinner on the following Wednesday fortnight. Or thou has sought consolation and condolence on arriving in Bengal from thy father's old and inestimable friend, Colonel Diomedes O'Leary, and received the same in the shape of seventy-nine puffs of a hookah in half that number of minutes, and an "Ah young man! India is not what it was. Its a d—d bad place now; get out of it as fast you can. What the devil made your father send you here? Is there no demand for cobblers or dustmen at home? &c., &c., &c." Or thou hast sped in search of a pitying and kind countenance,—for oh, heaven, how is a man to be pitied who passes Saugor going north!—to thine aunt's first cousin by the grand-father's uncles' side once re-

moved, The Honorable Augustus Fitz Simmons, sole assistant, on leave, to the Collector, Magistrate, Opium Agent, Governor General's Agent, Custom Master, Muster Master, Payer of Invalid Pensions, and Acting Judge of the one million and a half of souls inhabiting Zillah of Tweedleghur. But you are informed in inimitable English by a gentleman in white muslin with a pawny breath, red teeth, and a head of hair a là Absalom, all in a bunch over his right eye, that the Honorable Augustus at that precise moment "Put jonk to grey aus aff fetlock, and ee-square Master Bob tail," an occupation which, however mysterious it may be to our new arrival, the Honorable Augustus would not pretermit for his own peculiar father, much less for his aunt's first cousin by the grandmother's uncles' side once removed.

Well, miserable stranger! I have caused you to seek sympathy and not find it. To seek pity and not find it. To seek a dinner and not find it. I will now restore you to the wretched mattress where you were first discovered. You are tossing and tumbling like a wooden bowl in a mill race; your pillow is full of little hard lumps like half boiled Windsor beans. A

million of minute trumpeters are playing their dim solos in your tired ears — “ Their murmuring small trompetts sounden wide” in all the notes of the gamut, and in all keys from C natural to seven flats, and with as much want of unison or harmony as the infinitely little bass, tenor, and treble of their shrill “ but sullen horns,” will allow to be perceptible. These noises, Oh, unhappy stranger! are the fee fawfum of that direst of man-devourers, the Bengal musquito. The whole generation “ smells the blood of an Englishman.” You hear their Pibroch, their gathering, their Slogan. And if you wake in the morning with a face like a currant dumpling, never look a gift horse in the mouth; but bless your stars that it does not resemble a plum pudding. Don’t fix your eye upon that dingy and somewhat obese creature, like an overgrown prune squeezed flat, who is clinging to your curtain as if to gratify his natural and praiseworthy curiosity with the sight of a new comer of the master cast; he is only a cockroach, ugly but harmless, like Queen Anne’s statue in St. Paul’s Churchyard. He merely nibbles off the end of your fingers, pares your nails, or effects a lodgment amidst

“the mazes of your hair.” That creature flitting to and fro between you and the lamp is a bat, the sort of thing which you see cross the stage in the incantation scene of the Frieschutz. It is nothing; nevertheless take care that he does not get hold of the end of your great toe while you sleep. In Surinam they have been known to extract four pounds nine ounces of blood in one night. Those little things twisting about on the floor with such an industrious wriggle are centipedes; and it is just possible that if in the course of the night you poke your foot into your slipper, you may find one very warm and comfortable inside. That grating noise, half rasp half whistle, which sets your teeth an edge, and which you take for the filing of some gigantic saw, is a screech owl. His voice bodes death and disaster; but don’t be alarmed, your pulse is as yet not higher than ninety-two, and the worst part of the fever season does not come on for at least a fortnight; in the mean time, you will be pleased to hear that the owl lives with a brother or two in the verandah. They generally make that agreeable shrieking every ten minutes during the night, but in the day time they are very quiet, so all that you have

to do, if you wish for seven hours rest out of the twenty-four, is to take a hint from the old song and "turn the night, into the day." You have got into a nice country, and upon my soul, my dear friend, I congratulate you!

Well, half an hour has elapsed, an hour, two hours, my unhappy patient is worn out. The musquitos have, like the Provisional Committee of Stoke Pogis, "done their worstest,"—A dreamy drowsiness comes over our new arrival. To him the bugle of the pestiferous gnat hath "sung truce." The Bat flits unheeded. Centipedes traverse the mat unobserved. The miasmatic atmosphere, fever fraught and poppy laden, of deep night, is closing around him; already the miseries of the first day in the "gorgeous east" are fairly obliterated from his mind and memory.

Oh! sleep it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!

Thus singeth the ancient mariner, and our recent Indian would no doubt uplift a stave to the same effect, if he were sufficiently awake. Yet, there is one evil in sleep; you never know when you are enjoying it. This is a great defect, and the only way

to remedy it is to desire your servant, whenever he sees you very diligent in your somnambulatory exercises, to awaken you forthwith; saying, or singing to any familiar air; "Sir, I trust you have had a comfortable nap." You have then all the felicity of knowing that you have been in a state of exceeding comfort; "come, what will we *have been* blest," and that you may possibly be so again in a few minutes; and this assurance may be conveyed to you a dozen times in the course of the night, if your domestic is an attentive observer, and you, yourself, are active in the art of going to sleep. Indeed, *going* to sleep is *the* luxury, and bears the same relation to slumber itself, as eating one's dinner does to having dined; and as mankind would not fail to erect temples in honor of any fortunate individual who should discover a process by which nine dinners could be conveniently enjoyed by middle aged and well to do gentlemen in the course of twelve hours, so, although I offer the hint with all deference to the better judgment of the world in general, and to that of Mr. Augustus Skrymmageur, Law Stationer and Tobacconist, Gray's Inn Lane, in particular, I think something is due to the person who points out

a mode in which the goings to sleep of many nights may be enjoyed in the course of one. I grant that the process suggested is simple, and might have been obvious to the meanest capacity; but recollect, my good people, I beseech you, Columbus's egg. Who, before, myself, has ever recommended a man to be systematically awakened, that he might feel the pleasure of going to sleep again.

I left my friend, Eustace Scroggins Pods, (I believe I mentioned his name before) in the luxury of sinking, worn out by the reception of his friends, a view of Calcutta, and the musquitos, "into the arms of slumber," as the best novels observe when the heroine falls asleep on some damp straw, or a stone bench, in her bonnet, stays, tornure, and white satin robe a la Duchesse. Pods is what is technically called "going off." Already, like a steed that, all day harnessed, has just cast his trappings and been turned loose in some green field, his mind is wandering in the meadows of imagination cropping a flower here and there. And, whither does it wander? *Where* should it wander, but back to the green leafy glades, the hazel copses, and the sparkling streams of home? "Sweet, sweet, home,"

as sweet Miss Tree used to sing. Pods is already at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. He has taken his seat, as yet rail-roads were not, by the gentleman who does the honors of the ribbons; an individual in a dark olive frock coat, faced, collared, and cuffed with velvet to match; deep maroon silk cravat, cream coloured shawl pattern waistcoat, white cord continuations, remarkably neat tops (Hoby of course), primrose kid gloves, and a carnation in his mouth. The gentleman, "wot drives," finishes a glass of capillaire and milk beat up with the yolk of one egg and a tea spoonful of curaçoa, he never takes anything stronger, and then, "hold fast behind, if you please," with "Vivi Tu" on the Bugle by the gentleman who condescends to the post of Guard, as the "Wildfire" for Bath, Exeter and Plymouth, flashes at the heels of four thorough-bred chestnuts through the streets of London. Talk of Phaeton after this, or the chariot of Achilles, or the steeds of Diomedes, on the ear borne Fingal!—pooh! We laugh at the beards of their grandmothers!

Well, Pods is travelling at a prodigious rate. It is astonishing how a man gets on in his sleep, I recollect going once from Madeira to the North Pole, and

back to London viâ Madras, in less than three minutes ; Pods' speed beats the rate of the " Wildfire " all to nothing, although that supreme and finished vehicle never submits to anything under eleven miles and a half per hour, including stoppages. He has dismounted from the seat of honour by his friend with white cords and the carnation, for in his sleep Pods forgot to change the coachman even once between London and Exeter ; I doubt very much whether he even changed the horses. He has dismounted at Ivy-bridge, with its snowy cottages embowered amidst honey-suckle and roses ; its picturesque rocks, its clear rushing waters, and its overhanging copses. He and his carpet bag have turned off to the left with a hurried gait and an agitated air. I don't mean that the carpet bag was agitated but Pods. At every step the landscape becomes more picturesque, more eloquent of home, more beautifully English. It is early in the " leafy month of June." The birds carol around ; some high in the sparkling air, some in green hedges, some from leafy boughs. The sweet green trees rustle over the head of the happy and agitated Pods. The sudden streams tinkle in their mossy beds, and now and then a tiny waterfall freshens the summer atmos-

phere with its voice as it pours over some little dam of snowy pebbles. The wild flowers smell deliciously, and the sweetest incense of pastoral nature, the dear familiar fragrance of the new mown hay, comes from the golden meadows on the soft wings of the western breeze, linked with the sound of the jingling wain bells and the far off laugh of the mowers. The well known path between the Hawthorn hedge and the fragrant bean field is threaded. The old remembered trees fill the heart of the returned exile with a new gush of home love. There is one, (can he ever forget it?) that massive and mossy trunk marked in sylvan characters with the glory not the decrepitude of age?—crowned with a mighty diadem of leafy boughs, and standing, venerable yet full of beauty, a vegetable Anacreon. Beneath those boughs he last pressed her to his heart. There are their names carved on that hoary bark entwined in the indissoluble link of endless love.—And shall he see her again! His father too, his dear mother, his kind and gentle sisters. Oh, yes! He quits the wood path. The bay of the remote watch dog, the clank from the smithy which has not yet closed for the night, sound with the voices of other

days. The spire of the village church, the elms upon the hill, the well remembered mill stream, all just touched with paly gold by the full orb of the rich rising moon, are in sight. He thinks he can see the garden gate of his Father's Vicarage, and the lights glimmering in the library. Poor Pods ! his heart is too full. He weeps, but his tears are those of indescribable joy. Weep on, Pods ; weep on my poor fellow ; and may those strange tears of slumber, those drops which fall from the dissolving clouds of heart-touching dreams, do thee good. It is all of no use. Visit thy pleasant home in pleasant dreams, smell the fragrance of its flowers, listen to its murmuring brooks, the rustling leaves of the ancestral oak, the warbling of its birds ; listen to them, Pods, my poor fellow ! with the ear which sleep unlocks to its own mysterious harmonies, for unto thy bodily ear they will come no more. No ! they will come no more. When you ride abroad to-morrow afternoon,—you have doubtless bought a horse with plenty of legs and a long tail,—when you ride abroad through that unsavoury conglomerate of pulverized bricks, malaria, tank reek, bazaar smoke, and abominable odours, which is humourously entitled

“ air” in the City of Palaces ; go with a diagonal trot, and a bran new saddle and bridle, across the plain from the corner of the Government house, and then take, still diagonally, but at a canter if you like, the road nearly opposite to you. This is called Park Street, in honour of General Wolf or the late Mr. Coutts, I forget which. Well ! it is a wide and pleasant street. *Facilis decensus*, you understand me ! Proceed on, and on, and on, as they say in the fairy tales, until you suddenly see a confusion of high dismal trees and tall melancholy obelisks, crows and adjutants, a dusky dead wall, and a drain. If by the time you reach this strange place, the moon, some eight days old, is just silvering the tops of the tall monuments, while with a dull blush, like the reflected light of a far off burning city, the dusky west gleams with the last gleam of a tropical sun set, then are you lucky ; for the dim outline of those solemn spires, the dark waving of the Cassarina trees as the breeze sighs heavily through their sombre foliage, the flight of the vampire bats urging their silent way through the thickening twilight, the motionless aspect of those austere creatures of old, the grim adjutants which

crown the summits of so many tombs ; even the un-companioned star which, with a pale fire, floats amidst the lurid red of the western heaven, all give unto the spot a very sad and mournful air, which, if it shed its influence over your spirit, is good. There the deep blue eyes we have looked into, till the spirit of beauty entered our very soul, are dim. The hand we have pressed is cold. The fairy foot that sparkled in the dance is still. The exquisite lips which breathed the soul of harmony are dumb. The brave heart beats no more. The strong arm is a damp bone. The wise, the fertile brain, is dust. It is the silent city of the dead, the place of the narrow house, the region of the mute but eloquent grave—Alas *how* eloquent ? Listen to its dreary whisper while it holdeth colloquy with thine awed soul, and tells the ever repeated tale of blighted hopes, of withered aspirations, of broken hearts, of unrequited sacrifices, of unavailing vows, but of rest, a long long rest from all.—“ Implora Pace ! ” the sad solemn hope.—To repose from the weary mazes of mysterious life in the dark chambers of mysterious death.

Poor Pods ! but where did I leave him ? Oh dream-

ing of home, which he shall not see, and not of the Chowringhee burying ground which he shall. What of it? As a fat valetudinarian London fishmonger in a red night cap once observed to me when the Rotterdam steam packet was entering the mouth of the Maas—"One may as well die here as at Brill!"—a sentiment which I did not attempt to controvert—"One may as well die here as at Brill!" Aye, truly may one; or as at the sweet village of Clovelly, or at Narni where there is, or used to be, the worst inn in the world; or at Mosellay of the roses.

A bower so sweet as Mosellay,
A stream so pure as Rocnabad—

"One may as well die here as at Brill!" A little physic; a few groans from yourself, a few tears, perhaps, from others, six feet of planks, eighteen inches of brickwork, a modicum of mould, and you are equal to Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte.—Whether you will go down to posterity or not is another question; one however scarcely worth asking, for, in the long run, the names of Heroes and Sages will be no more distinguished from yours than their dust;—Smith's, I mean Smith the Carver and Gilder at the corner of

Prospect Place, St. George's Fields,—Smith's os frontis will be as good as that of Peter the Great twenty thousand years hence, and so with his reputation. Who can speak unto us the "*clarum et venerabile nomen*" of the man who invented buttons, or first kindled a fire, or who made corn into bread, or eat the first oyster, or cut the first pen,—exploits infinitely more interesting and important to the human race than all the battles or books in the world? But to descend to books, battles and other matters, whereof comes the dignity of history and that singular hallucination called renown. How was New Holland peopled? What was the name of Nimrod's uncle? Who wrote that admirable lection of Ionic legends to which Ensign Notherington so spiritedly alludes in his immortal speech commencing with D—n Homo? Yet all these are matters of what is facetiously called—History! Why a paltry five thousand years or thereabouts will include the whole! and what is that to the some millions of ages which this terraqueous globe is calculated to endure before the subtle fluid which manifests its existence by perplexing the orbit of Eccle's Comet, shall add its force to the attraction of gravitation and precipitate

us point blank upon the astonished sun? Five thousand years! Bah! as Napoleon said, a pretty immortality!—Then be thou of good cheer oh Jones! Brown be jocund; Smith let a pleasing mirth take possession of thy soul; envy neither Byron the writer, nor Gully the fighter, neither Admiral Benbow nor Mr. O'Connel, for in the eyes of a veritable posterity, that is to say not a posterity of the day after to-morrow, but our children in the eight hundred and eighty-fourth generation, the names of those who were as giants in their day, will be no better known than yours, and yours not a whit less known than theirs.—Yes! After all it must be admitted that whether one considers that “snug lying” in which Sir Lucius O'Trigger was so perfect a connoisseur, or that immortality the longing after which has led and misled mankind from the days of Erostratus to those of Fieschi of the gun barrels, “One may as well die here as at Brill.”—But of this pre-eminent philosophy, transcendental and high fantastical, poor Pods takes little account. One may swear by the carefully pleated bosom of his snowy shirt, by his plump cherry cheeks and round blue eyes, that Plato, Kant, Locke, Brown, Dugald Stewart, and

Spinosa, were to him as much “unknowe” as “French of Paris” to Chaucer’s pretty pilgrim. This unhappy Pods has nothing intellectual, not a scrap of the metaphysical in his entire composition. He is content to eat and drink, wash his face, pull on his boots, pay his bills, honour his father and mother, and love his neighbours as himself, without caring a brass farthing—(farthings by the way are generally made of copper)—without caring a brass farthing either for predestination or election, innate ideas, the expansion of previous consciousness, or the gradual staining of *the* white sheet of paper. And there he lies dreaming of home, his imagination “babbling of green fields.”—Suddenly a horrible sensation comes over him—his dream changes to a terror. The vicarage is on fire, and the maid servant is burning to death in the attic—those are her fearful screams!

Pods awakens—not “like a giant refreshed,” for I never knew any one tall or short refreshed by a Bengal sleep, but with nerves quivering like aspen leaves, and with the dizzy, damp, half drunken feel which always follows what is called “taking rest” in this happy country. It is *no* dream. Again and again that fearful

and appalling sound comes on the hot moist gust of the moaning night breeze. The light of a blue glass lamp, swinging in Pod's room is just flashing and sputtering away the small remnant of its oily existence. A few heavy rain drops plash, plash, against the wooden venetians, and there is a hollow rumbling of remote thunder from yonder black and jagged cloud in the horizon. The trees creak and sigh in front of the house, and the wind wails dismally in the long dark verandah visible from the bed of the restless freshman. A Radcliffean night! But are there ghosts in the tropics, or is it too hot for them? A serious question at such an hour to which the heart of the doubting Pods returns thump, thump, thump, for an answer. Heaven preserve us, there is the sound again! What can it be? What can it portend? It is something between a shrill scream of sudden agony, a roar, and a long funeral howl, more ear piercing than any, a frightful mixture of all. A sort of compound of the bellowing of a mad bull, the screech of a strangled crow, and the yell of a scalded hound. It must be some unhappy groom squeezed to death against the stable wall by that vicious chesnut quadruped, with a white face and roman nose,

who regularly twice a day tries to eat his keeper's shoulder and break his leg. Or is it the East India Company assembled at the Supreme Court, which Pods saw in the morning, torturing contumacious Rajahs to compel revelation of their "barbaric pearl and gold?" Or is it a mournful chorus of the ghosts of those who perished with miserable gasps and groans in that fearful dungeon of the Old Fort, and who hover gibbering in the eddies of the doleful night breeze round the place of massacre? Pods, like Othello, is "perplexed in the extreme!" The native population may have risen *en masse* to revenge the death of a favourite cow; or it may be the "gracious custom" of Bengal tigers to rampage through the streets in packs at this time of night, it being utterly impossible that any one particular tiger, even if it were the Royal Bengal Tiger *par excellence*, and even if the Royal Bengal Tiger was in a state of the highest excitement, from love or liquor, could make such an eldritch screeching. But again and again the superhuman, superbrutal, howling and yelling is renewed; sometimes near, sometimes more remote, but always horrible; and each time that the sufferer thinks it has died away, and that he may by the special grace

of heaven enjoy a little, a very little sleep, a fresh burst of unaccountable roars dries rest from his heavy eyelids and throws him into a paroxysm of perspiration, which would be cold at five degrees further from the Tropic of Cancer—here it is tepid, or about the temperature of the draught at Cheltenham which men used to call No. 4 without. The burning sun of the morning, the damp night air, at once hot and chilling, the all-prevading all-enveloping miasma, great ruler of the Mahratta ditch, a heavy dinner, Sherry by Raikes, Claret by Carbonel, and Curaçoa, thirty-four degrees over London proof, the musquitos, and the sleepless agitation produced by this infernal howling—Poor Pods! people *have* died of fever five days after they landed. I hope it will not be thy case.

* * * * *

“And how did you sleep, Mr. Pods?” enquires the urbane Ulysses McAlister, of the Firm of McAlister Burgoo and Rotheram, who had given Pods one night’s lodging, and a hint that he would find no difficulty in settling himself on the morrow.

“How did you sleep, Mr. Pods? Musquitos, eh? Buz, Buz, abstract blood, good for griffins. Too ruddy

now, look like an apple; ought to look like an orange: I am like an orange, like dried orange peel, Mrs. Mac says; never mind, standing colour, can't fade. Musquitos afraid of it, take my face for a pine cheese: Musquitos hate cheeses and mullegatany. I've seen it tried. Know a new arrival though,—and how *did* you sleep?"

Pods.—Indeed Sir, not well, a dreadful and unaccountable noise—

McAlister.—Oh the crows. Cat got up into the Mangoe Tree. I'll shoot that cat; she has forty brothers and sisters, with heaven knows how many nephews and nieces, all living under my house. I'll shoot her, shoot her father, shoot her mother, shoot 'em all. Take fish and rice, with a little chutnee, eh?

Pods.—No thank you, Sir. I feel no great appetite, my rest was so broken; but it was not the crows. It was a fearful dreadful noise which made me quite uneasy in my mind,—a sort of unearthly fiendish howling, a——Pray, what sort of noise do Alligators make?

McAlister.—Alligators!—egad it must have been the Chokeydar—The Watchman.

Pods.—The watchman, Sir?

McAlister.—Yes, the watchman, what d'ye call him in London, a Charley, Peeler, Foggie, Policeman, eh?

Pods.—Was it indeed the watchman? Good Heavens! poor fellow! he must have been in dreadful pain. The spasmodic cholera I suppose. It is really very alarming.

McAlister.—Pain! The cholera! not a bit of it.

Pods.—Then what *could* have induced him to utter such frightful screams?

McAlister.—Why to preserve the peace of the city.

Pods.—The peace?

McAlister.—Oh you don't understand! Ours is the most perfect system of preventive police in the known world. If our guardians of the night moved quietly on their rounds, they might possibly come upon thieves, and the like, in the very moment of projection; that is to say just as they had sacked the booty. This would certainly lead to a quarrel respecting the division of the spoil, that touchstone of friendship all over the world, and give an immensity of trouble to all parties. But how simply is this avoided. Take another cup of coffee. By making a judicious use of howling, shouting, and screeching like a mad jackal, till he is heard a mile off, the chokeydar, or watchman, for a reasonable

consideration previously settled, gives the thief timely warning; so that he may either suspend operations while our vigilant Charlie passes the spot where they are in happy progress, or, if the thief has carried them too far for concealment, he may, to use the expressive term of his fraternity at home, "mizzle" with what he has obtained, and thank the timely hullabulloo which prevents his being reduced to the awkward dilemma of "caught in the fact." Then the advantages of the scheme to the watchman are incalculable, for it entirely prevents the most remote chance of his getting a broken head if he should happen to blunder upon a strange thief and not one of his own constituents. In short, the whole arrangement is so admirable, that it is cheaply purchased by the rest of the lieges being broken eighteen times every night, by an average of thirty-five children per annum being frightened into convulsions, fourteen fever patients becoming perfectly delirious, and the hopes of eleven gentlemen with families in prospect being utterly demolished, through the unutterably infernal, and indescribably diabolical yellings, of the CALCUTTA CHOKEYDAR.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

I.

Why should they cheat our infant ears,
Our grandmothers and nurses,
By tales some rue in tea and tears,
And some with gin and curses ?
'Tis surely hard to gild a weed
With glittering Dutch metal ;
Then let us pluck, and in the deed
Find out 'tis stinging nettle.

II.

How should we rate a friend who said,
You gastronomic sinner,
If thou would'st *really* eat, get Ned
To give you once a dinner ?

We dine with Ned, oh soul of Ude !

We hand some Mrs. Papkins,
Have pig and turnips for our food,
With dirty forks and napkins.

III.

Grandams, aunts, nurses, and worse still,
Arabian tales, and travels,
Weave in our youth a web of ill
Which after life unravels ;
How many in a furious gale,
I some have heard in my day,
Wish far enough the tempting tale
Of Crusoe and man Friday.

IV.

Instead of Palmy Isles and a shore
With short green sward wrought over,
Sea-sick they hear the breakers roar
On the shingly beach near Dover ;
For tropic breezes, just released
From nets of spice and roses,
They have a blast at East North East
Which lacerates their noses.

V.

As for myself, my fate was doomed,
As soon as I could totter,
By tales of golden realms, perfumed
With cinnamon trees and ottar :
And thus the sapling of my youth
Was trained to point to India,
Where I'd an uncle, that's the truth,
With Maha Rajah Scindiah.

VI.

Of Indian bows they gave me three,
Of arrows a whole load, a
Newly coined Bengal Rupee,
And a Madras Pagoda ;
And when they talk'd of Elephants
And riding in my Howder,
(So was it called by all my aunts,)
I prouder grew and prouder.

VII

They told me of Golconda's mines,
They talked of Diamond Harbour ;

Of Hafiz, roses, Shirauz wines,
The Hunchback, and the Barber,
They bade me from the Rupee Tree
Shake India's endless riches ;
Inward I swore that day should see
Vast pockets to my breeches.

VIII.

Oh then what pleasant reveries
I had of future hours,
To pass 'midst fountains and green trees
Of many coloured flowers ;
While Bayerderes, with zerolets
And eyes like starlight shining,
Should warble round the bank, in sets,
On which I lay reclining.

IX.

Says I, in that metropolis,
They call it there of Palaces,
That glowing Heliopolis
Where fortune fills men's chalices,

I'll have a marble residence,
Rich marble baths and fountains,
With a commanding view from thence
Of the Himilayah mountains.

X.

Alas ! for the day-dreaming man
When all his visions vanish,
When all his " Chateaux en Espagne,"
As flashmen say, " walk Spanish ;"
When first he finds romance a joke,
And truth and faith thought funny,
Honour or Virtue, called a cloak,
And worth one's worth in money.

XI.

And ah for him, the India bound !
Who finds his favourite visions
Fade as he leaves his native ground
And eats the ship's provisions,
Whom some returning Major D—ott,
With only half a liver,
Fills with misgivings of his lot
And terrors of a fever.

XII.

He finds on "the dark blue sea" a swell
That makes him rather sickly,
The "Floating Palace" has a smell
Which few get over quickly;
And if to some loved dream he still
Confiding clings, yet maugre
Each lingering effort of his will,
It cannot last past Saugor.

XIII.

The Queen of Rivers, which had roll'd
In his hallucinations,
With silver waves 'twixt banks of gold
Through venerating nations,
He finds a bubbling slimy tide
Which, though a Godhead's daughter,
Looks much more like, as all decide,
Weak chocolate, than water.

XIV.

The Palace City which he sketch'd
Into vast splendour starting

Like one by Pirenisi etch'd,
Or Babylonian Martin,
He finds half rubbish and half glare,
Whitewash, and green venetians,
Straw roofs, and orders which I swear
No Romans knew or Grecians.

XV.

Instead of fountains, scummy tanks
Emitting smells unsavoury;
For rich *Bazaars*, brick cells in ranks
Teeming with filth and knavery:
Mud huts in many a rotten row,
('Tis true those are the people's,)
But Asia's capital can show
Three bran new plaster'd steeples.

XVI,

All this we bear as best we may;
But there are greater evils,
Which all, ten thousand times a day,
Give to ten thousand devils :

I don't mean dinners for threescore,
Thermometer a hundred,
Or an evening drive, though that's a bore,
On which I've often pondered.

XVII.

I don't mean Horticultural shows,
Where peas and new potatoes
Lie sad and sickly "dos a dos;"
I don't mean the musquitos;
I don't mean what is called a hop,
Dramatic recreations,
Or even men who talk of shop,
And quote the regulations.

XVIII.

Ah no! o'er deeper griefs my verse
Must weep, for, without question,
Those are *true* griefs which touch the purse,
Or injure the digestion.
And woe is us! the Rupee tree,
With all its jingling glories,
Has now no more reality
Than Scheherazade's stories.

XIX.

That tree of all our waking dreams
Whose roots were set in rubies,
Which dazzled day-light by its gleams,
And made Nabobs of Boobies ;
Which, like a magnet, round the Cape
Drew Englishmen by dozens,
And sent them back to set agape
Their poorer friends and cousins ;

XX.

Of that fair tree, alas ! nor fruit,
Nor golden stem is left us,
Nor can we trace one little shoot
Of what fate hath bereft us.
Its very place is now unknown,
'T has vanish'd like a vapour,
And in its stead stand Public Loan
And Promissory Paper.

*A few Lines in honor of the late Mr. Simms, Senior
Assistant to Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery,
and Hay.*

I.

Who did not know that Office Jaun of pale Pomona
green,
With its drab and yellow lining, and picked out black
between,
Which down the Esplanade did go at the ninth hour of
the day?
We ne'er shall see it thus again,—Alas! and well-a-
day!—

II.

With its bright brass patent axles, and its little hog
maned tatts,
And its ever jetty harness, which was always made by
Watts,

The harness black and silver, and the ponies of dark
grey,
And shall we never see it more,—Alas! and well-a-
day!—

III.

With its very tidy coachman with a very old grey
beard,
And its pair of neat clad sayces, on whom no spot
appeared,
Not sitting lazily behind, but running all the way
By Mr. Simms's little coach—Alas, and well-a-day!

IV.

And when he reached the counting house he got out
at the door,
And entering the office made just three bows and no
more,
Then passing through the clerks he smiled, a sweet
smile and a gay,
And kindly spoke the younger ones—Alas, and well-a-
day!

V.

And all did love to see him with his jacket rather long,
It was the way they wore them when good Mr. Simms
was young,
With his Nankeen breeches buckled by two gold
buckles alway,
And his China tight silk stockings, pink and shiny,
well-a-day!

VI.

With his little frill like crisped snow, his waistcoat
spotless white,
His cravat very narrow and a very little tight,
And a blue brooch, where, in diamond sparks, a ship
at anchor lay,
The gift of Mr. Cruttenden—Alas, and well-a-day!

VII.

Then from the press where it abode, he took the ledger
stout,
And looked upon it reverently, withinside and without,
Then placed his pencils, rubber, pens and knives in
due array,
And Mr. Simms was ready for the business of the day.

VIII.

And ever to the junior clerks his counsel it was wise,
That they shall loop their l's, and cross their t's, and
dot their i's,
And honor Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery and
Hay,
Whom he had served for forty years—Alas, and well-a-
day!

IX.

And a very pleasant running hand good Mr. Simms
did write,
His up-strokes were like gossamer, his down strokes
black as night,
And his lines all clear and sparkling like a rivulet in
May,
Meandered o'er the folios—Alas, and well-a-day!

X.

And daily in a silver dish, as bright as bright could be,
At one o'clock his tiffin came, two sandwiches, or three,
It never came a minute soon, nor a minute did delay,
So punctual were good Mr. Simms's people—well-a-
day!

XI.

And in the Mango season still a daily basket came,
With fruit as green as emeralds or ruddier than flame ;
By Mr. Simms the sort had been imported from
Bombay
And sown and grown beneath his eye—Alas, and well-
a-day.

XII.

And when his tiffin it was done, he took a pint precise
Of well cooled soda water, but it was not cooled with
ice,
And a little ginger essence (Oxley's) Mr. Simms did
say
It comforted his rheumatiz'—Alas, and well-a-day!

XIII.

Then on a Sunday after prayers, while waiting in the
porch,
His talk was of the Bishop, and the vestry, and the
church ;
And two or three select young men would dine with
him that day
To taste his old Madeira, and his curry called Malay.

XIV.

For famous was the table that good Mr. Simms did
keep
With his home fed ducks, his Madras fowls, and gram
fed Patna sheep,
And the fruits from his own garden, and the dried fish
from the Bay,
Sent up by bold Branch Pilot Stout—Alas, and well-a-
day!

XV.

And he was full of anecdote, and spiced his prime Pale
Ale
With many a cheerful bit of talk, and many a curious
tale,
How Dexter ate his buttons off, and in a one horse
chay
My Lord Cornwallis drove about—Alas, and well-a-
day!

XVI.

And every Doorga Poojah would good Mr. Simms ex-
plore,
The famous river Hoogly up as high as Barrackpore,

And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way,
Declare that all the bears were bores—Alas, and well-a-day!

XVII.

Then, if the weather it was fine, to Chinsura he'd go,
With his nieces three in a Pinnace, and a smart young
man or so,
In bright blue coats, and waistcoats, which were sparkling as the day,
And curly hair, and white kid gloves, a lover like array!

XVIII.

And at Chinsura, they walked about and then they
went to tea,
With the antient merchant Van der Zank, and the
widow Van der Zee,
They were old friends of Mr. Simms, and parting he
would say,
“Perchance we ne'er may meet again.”—Alas, and
well-a-day!

XIX.

At length the hour did come for him, which surely
 comes for all,
 From the beggar in his hovel to the monarch in his hall,
 And when it came to Mr. Simms, he gently pass'd away
 As falling into pleasant sleep—Alas, and well-a-day!

XX.

And on his face there lingered still a sweet smile and a
 bland,
 His Bible lying by his side, and some roses in his hand;
 His spectacles still marked the place where he had read
 that day,
 The words of faith and hope which cheered his spirit
 on its way.

XXI.

And many were the weeping friends who followed him
 next night,
 In many mourning coaches, found by Solitude and
 Kyte,
 And many a circle still laments the good, the kind, the
 gay,
 The hospitable Mr. Simms—Alas, and well-a-day!

Y O U N G I N D I A.

A BENGAL ECLOGUE.

Where Ochterlony's column proudly rears
Its melon to the still astonished spheres,
Brush'd by the stars in their nocturnal course,
And hiding half the moon, which is much worse,
Two youths, with muslin robes and frizzled hair,
Walk'd contemplative in the twilight fair ;
This, in Pyjamas ; that, as fame reports,
Clad in a pair of Irish linen shorts :
This, bore a spangled slipper on each foot,
That, on each leg a polish'd jockey boot ;
This, round his neck of thread wore many a yard,
That, had a watch, a bunch of seals, and guard.
Silent they gazed awhile on the array
Of dawning stars, the pole, and milky way.
On Hesperus, whose living lustre pales
The great and little Bear, and all their tails ;

Then, scratching first his ear, and then his nose,
Demme, says Hurry Mohun Bhowe, here goes.

Hurry Mohun.

When liberty with her resplendent voice
Bids all the free o'er all the earth rejoice,
When France sings *ça ira*, and e'en Hainan
Has done in freedom's cause the most it can;
Tell me, my friend, shall we alone be found
Silent and unresponsive to the sound?
Oh no!—forbid it shades of all the Bruti,
Freedom's sworn children each, from wig to shoe tye,
Forbid it Cobden: and 'tis just as well
To say, forbid it ghost of William Tell.

Sam Chund.

Alas, my Hurry, this disjointed chat
Means nothing—tell me what you would be at.

Hurry Mohun.

Hear me, Sam Chund, the independent mind
Disdains the feeble fetters forged to bind
The free opinion, and the daring act;
They're all a hoax, my friend, and that's the fact,

Kings, Priests, and Laws, and Creeds, are but the tools
Which cunning knaves employ to govern fools ;
Down with Kings, Laws, and Creeds then, and in chief
With any creed prohibiting roast beef.

Roast beef ! to what do these pale English owe,
(Or rather, yellow English,) that the blow
Of British arms is strong, their heads are thick,
And, therefore, fitted for the frequent lick ?

Whence are their Rail Roads, which exstastic joy
Inspired in Maha Raj Ram Mohun Roy !

Whence came their wealth, their power ; whence
Charles Fox ?

All, all originated, SAM, in ox.

Then to the winds cast India's faith away,
Eat beef, and be as great and free as they ;
With beef comes valour ; and the power to take
Strengthens with each invigorating steak,
Until, at length, disdaining every thrall,
Hampdens and Tells eat sirloins in Bengal.

Sam Chund.

Dear Hurry Mohun, you alarm me quite,
Eat beef ! bless me ! you put me in a fright.

What would the goddess say? and what mamma?
Srii might chastise me, so might my papa.
I cannot go your lengths, indeed I can't,
Besides next week's the Shrad for my dead aunt.
Dear Hurry, prythee let me half-way stop,
I can't eat beef—I'll take a mutton chop.

Hurry Mohun.

By Hell! I hold in scorn the slave who takes
That middle course the chop—and shuns the steaks.
Not so to work when Knox, no! by my hopes,
He made Scotch collops of Rome's mutton chops:
Not so to work went Mahommud, or Tchee,
(Confucius) in the fragrant realm of tea;
Not so to work went Calvin, Luther, Huss,
(The former burnt Servetius)—here's a fuss;
I offer glory, empire, and renown;
Excellent dishes, and a laurel crown,
Freedom, like some bright garment to be put on
If you'll eat beef—you answer, you'll eat mutton.
Degenerate SAM—ah, what would Cato say,
If his great spirit now could walk this way?

Would *he*, d'ye think, have fallen on his sword,
 If eating could Rome's freedom have restored?
 No! he'd have eaten any kind of food,
 Well cooked, with pickles, for the public good.
 Is this alas! the fruit of all the knowledge
 We gather'd at the Anglo Indian College?
 Was it for *this* we learned the world was round,
 That twenty shillings sterling make a pound;
 That spinning jennies, Sam, were not young ladies,
 And what a science is, and what a trade is?
 Was it for *this* my essay, proved, (signed JUSTUS),
 That Dryden wrote his Virgil for Augustus?
 Was it for this we thought Crabbe's Penseroso
 And Sampson Agonisthes, rather so so;
 Scott's Comus dull, but Milton's song divine
 Of Johnny Gilpin, very, very, fine?
 Alas my Sam! you know not what I feel.

Sam Chund.

Well then, Dear Hurry—come, I'll eat some veal.

Hurry Mohun.

That's one step nearer: a young patriot thou
 Not strong enough in freedom for old cow.

But we must be indulgent, and you half
Cast off your chains in masticating calf.
We do not give the baby of a year
Chillies, or capsicums, or gin, or beer ;
Nor doth the ostrich teach its new-fledged chick
To swallow paving stones, 'twould make it sick.
I rest content then for the present, but let
Me pray you quickly close your course of outlet ;
Th' expectant world is watching as you eat
(Sam, take some mushroom catsup with the meat,)
Liberty cheers her own devoted son,
(Mind Sam, veal *never* should be underdone,)
Glory entwines a garland for his brow,
(Potatoes are much better mash'd just now,)
Until at length, prepared for greater things,
Your mind shall flutter its unshackled wings,
Spring upward, like an eagle when he wakes,
And soar at once to Freedom and Beef Steaks.

CALCUTTA DUST.

CALCUTTA DUST.

THE DRY NORTH-WESTER.

“ In the name of Heaven, my dear Harriette ! what *has* induced you to wear hair powder ? ”

Thus exclaimed Mr. Henry St. John Langridge, lifting his eyes from a black and tan terrier puppy whose tail he was diligently cropping on the cushion of a pale green satin sofa, as his charming wife entered the apartment from her afternoon drive. — Mr. Henry Langridge was tall, slight, pale, gentlemanly, and about eight and twenty. His elegant figure, and an unexceptionably devised jacket, for he had too much genuine taste to affect in this uncongenial climate the perpetual coat, made him look much less like a barber than nine-tenths of his contemporaries suffering under the melancholy effects of the same trying costume. A dark waistcoat of an undecided colour, well cut pantaloons, the finest and whitest possible thread stockings,

and the smallest possible shoe, with a minute black rosette thereunto attached; an eye-glass ready for use, suspended to a black ribbon, natural curls, and a very delicate tendril of whisker, completed the outward and visible man appertaining to that moral and official creation, which was honored with the patronymic of St. John Langridge, and the East Indian title of Deputy Secretary to the Supreme Government in the Unknown, Excursive, and Confidential Departments.

The lady addressed, was the concentration and prototype of Calcutta beauty;—she *looked*, owing to the fragility of her graceful figure, almost as tall, and *was* rather paler than her husband. There appeared between them that provoking sort of family likeness which an unfortunate couple invariable acquire at a mofussil station, by staring at each other all day for want of any more agreeable object to contemplate. Indeed, but for the whiskers, of which we have made honorable mention, people might sometimes have been puzzled to know, whether they were addressing Mrs. Henry Langridge in Mr. Henry Langridge's jacket, waistcoat, and continuations, or Mr. Henry Langridge

in Mrs. Henry Langridge's primrose chaly, sable boa, and chapeau a la Duchesse de Dino. Now I implore of you, gentlest of readers, not to imagine from this faint attempt to describe the most perfect of her sex, that Mrs. Henry Langridge had even the most remote soupçon of the air masculine about her. The heroine of our tale was a Calcutta beauty in the most delicious and exquisite acceptance of the appellation. The sun had kissed the colour from that downy cheek, and who could blame the lover of Daphne for exhibiting so excellent a taste? He would not even quite spare her lips. No, by Mohammed! neither would the sun's grandfather—whom we take to be Saturn,—*the* “oldest inhabitant” (as he undoubtedly was), if he had been in the place of Phœbus Apollo. Those beautiful lips were no longer coral or ruby; they had been paled by Suryas' enamoured beams to the exquisite hue of the red moss rose,—so rich, so soft, so tender. Her eyes were set deep in her head where they beamed with a sort of sleepy, liquid, languid lustre, half natural, half feverish (for the pulse is always at 160 in Bengal), not exactly looking as if they were put in with dirty fingers, as Lady Morgan characterizes the eyes of one

of her six foot four inch heroes, but as if there was a gentle shadowy cloud hovering round those long jetty lashes, and partly mitigating the splendour of the two orbs of dark light which gleamed through them, in pity to the hearts which they would otherwise have pierced and pained as much as they subdued. We said Mrs. Henry Langridge was as slightly as she was exquisitely proportioned: Hers was the grace of the lily, and its just perceptible bend. A beautiful gossamer, a living sigh breathed by a white rose; a charming, helpless, dependent, sweet, silky creature, that one loves better than music, or moonlight, or flowers—a gazelle—a primrose. In short—for we must still return for an illustration to that essence of all that is fragile, and pretty, and idle, and soft, and useless, and delightful, and graceful, and ennuyè, and quiet, and lazily ladylike,—a well-bred Calcutta belle.

“In the name of Heaven, my dear Harriette,” reiterated her husband,—for the beautiful Mrs. Henry Langridge could never take the trouble to answer by more than a smile or a sigh, unless the same question was repeated twice—“What *has* induced you to wear hair powder?”

“Hair powder, Henry!” exclaimed the beautiful Mrs. Langridge, in a voice nearly as loud as the coo of a stock dove, or the rustle of a rosebush,—“Hair powder!” looking in a mirror seventeen feet by thirteen, at her splendid chestnut ringlets, which in England used to curl like those of Hyperion, but which had a custom, common to all other ringlets in Bengal, of always hanging about her swan-like neck, as if they were boiled and soaped—“Hair powder! La, Henry, how you frighten one! I positively fancied I might have grown grey in the course of a single night for the loss of my dear pet sweet tooney mooney camelion; as the man did somewhere, who got into some trouble some how, and somebody was going to cut off his head: you know the story, love. Why you foolish creature you, don’t you see that it is the dust?”

* * * * *

Now this is the way they would begin a fashionable Calcutta novel. But Heaven forbid that I should treat the matter in hand so lightly! No! “Blood, Iago, blood,” as Othello says. Nothing but the heart’s blood of that devil dust can allay the craving thirst of my immortal antipathy. But no matter, let us go on. If I play

with the subject as a tiger does with the wretched little pig who, whining, trembles in his awful fangs; if I toss it about; if I mumble and pat it; if I gibber over it with a sort of assumed infantile and namby pamby jocosity; if I fancy how it would be treated of by others, think not that I shall let it escape—No! by the effulgence of!—But no matter, I will for the present keep my temper; only for the present. For if the dust

“Had twenty thousand lives,”

“My great revenge has stomach for them all.”

Dust!—Yes, dust to dust! ashes to ashes! The most melancholy of human sounds, as the dry mould rattles on that hollow voiced and awfully tenanted coffer. “Dust to dust.” The earth falls on our hearts as it strikes the dull lid of the senseless chest, but it will not awaken the poor sleeper within. How often have I seen the resolution of strong stern manhood, the pious resignation so beautiful in woman, waver and then break as the mists do in the breeze of morning, before this homely yet solemn sound. Alas, it speaks to us in earthy accents the language of the grave! It tells us with a startling tone, which no pre-

vious preparation has strengthened our minds fitly to endure, that the loved one is indeed gone, the loving ones desolate. The chair, the old familiar place is vacant. The earth is dark. The golden bowl is broken at the fountain—the silver chord has snapped. It is the voice of the Tomb, and the word it utters to our bowed down heart is—DEATH!

We shall never see them more! Never!—heavy, heavy word—and we are on the flowery earth, and in the warm sunshine; the pearly clouds float over us, the summer stars shine with a glad serenity above us; life, and the beautiful things and blessings with which it hath pleased a benign goodness to make life sweet, are around us; but they whom we so prized and cherished, into whose sweet eyes we looked for love, on whose silvery voice we dwelt for comfort, whom we would have shielded from pain and sorrow with our heart's blood—*they* are in the cold dark silent tomb!—and we shall never, *never*, see them more!

I could be solemn and pathetic on this subject, but it must not be—Dust! *My* Dust! The Dust of Calcutta! is not to be dealt with thus. It is the antipodes to all high, or holy, or sober thoughts. It is a ridiculous

beast—A combination of Caliban and Trinculo.—Like the devil in the old Mysteries, it is a thing to be kicked and buffeted, not like the Satan of Milton, a potentate, a regality, a power, a dominion. How would the poet of the young earth have addressed this last and worst of its progeny?—let us see :

Oh thou who with immortal beastliness crowned,
Lookest from thy dark dominion like a god,
Of Chowringhee, Calcutta, and the parts adjacent;
Oh Dust! to tell thee how I hate thy dirt, &c.

But No! The mind's eye cannot picture to its most depraved vision the possibility of Milton's swallowing the dust of the Bow Bazaar, or consigning the Conservancy Department to play "on flutes and soft recorders," in certain regions, where they might chance to inhale powdered pumice, and snuff up attritured brimstone in return for their doings in the flesh, upon the miserable lieges of this bedusted metropolis.

Well, after all, there is not much poetry in dust *per se*, but as an adjunct it is often effective ; sometimes detestably so, sometimes sublimely. The magician twists ropes out of sand, and Shakspeare, the greatest of magicians, contrives even to elevate dust.—"The way to dusty

death!" To be sure the matter in hand is death, and again, the terraqueous portion of the image derives dignity from its connection with the shadowy terrible. But then the epithet, "*Dusty* death!"—doth it not savor of the mouldered bone, the pulverized coffin, the *dry* worse than the *damp* charnel house; where we inhale with every breath ancestral particles, and become sturnutative with pulverized mortality?

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps on its petty pace from day to day,
And all our yesterdays but lighted fools,
The way to dusty death."

Again,

"Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs,
Make *dust* our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the Earth—
Let's choose executors and talk of wills."

I almost forget that my mind is in any contact with the creature of its aversion when I read those fine and solemn passages. Their mournful melody has somewhat of the effect of the more awful words, the "*dust to dust*," which I had already quoted, and thrills us like the sound of a far-off funeral march. But then, how astonished must dust be to find itself in such

gorgeous company ; to find itself so grandly associated with the Kings of the Earth and their grisly conqueror. Yet even this shall not elevate it in my opinion beyond a passing moment. Besides the dust of the all-comprehending poet is the dust of Death, the dust moistened by a monarch's tears, which divinest Shakspeare presses into the service of a solemn thought, and not the never sufficiently to be confounded dust of Calcutta. Is there not something peculiarly appropriate in the English idiom to "lay the dust?" One perceives in it a glimmering of common sense, and that, little as our compatriots of the moist island are perplexed with this demon, they yet speak of it as of any other ghoul, afreet, ghost, or malignant spirit as a thing to be "*laid*." To "raise" and to "lay." These are terms peculiarly appropriated to a ceremony which, by the counsel and inspiration of two or three urchins, as dirty and mischievous as ourselves, we once attempted in a dark closet at school ; per aid of a plate of salt, a bit of cheese, a two-pronged fork under a hat, and the Ten Commandments read backwards. We did not succeed in the object of our laudable ambition, but we certainly did raise something that would have made

our beloved aunts fancy, could they have seen us any time in the course of the ensuing fortnight, that the claws of our anticipated visitor had come upon us in flagrant delict. However, all's one for that. Dr. T. raised dust out of our jackets, although we failed to raise dust's father; and probably the enormous quantity he contrived to raise out of ~~mine~~ (which had not been brushed to my certain knowledge for thirteen weeks), the enormous quantity I say which he contrived to raise out of my unhappy garment in the first impulse of his virtuous indignation, and before proceeding to inflict the more solemn and grievous penalty awarded for our sins, gave me such a distaste to dust in the abstract, and dust threshed by a cane out of a jacket upon one's own back in particu^{lar}, that I feel convinced the day in question fixed deep in my soul the antipathy which I have cherished towards the filthy creature ever since.

And for what sin committed in a former state of existence was I set down in Calcutta? here to taste dust, to smell dust, to breathe dust, to eat dust, to drink dust? To have dust driven up my nose, and down my throat, and into my ears, and my eyes, and

through my head?—To become “of the dust dusty,” for seven and twenty consecutive dry weathers, or from the month of November to the month of May in each year, both months inclusive? To swallow exactly one hundred and eighty-nine times that traditional “Peck,” to which every man is destined by fate, and the wisdom of our ancestors? To parody Lord Byron at least once a day, and madly shout

“The winds were choked up in the dusty air,
And the clouds hidden—dustiness had no need
Of shade from them—dust was the universe.”

or else to feel a sudden fit of savagery, for the thing is at times beyond human endurance, and at once proceed to follow the example set in that “Dream, which was not all a dream,” where mankind

“With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled.”

In fact there is nothing to prevent one's gnashing one's teeth on the occasion except the intolerable crunching of grit which would attend the operation, or to militate against our howling, but the reflection, which checks your “thunder in mid-volley” upon that additional ounce or two of pulverized brick, and pow-

dery nastiness, which would certainly take advantage of your opening your mouth for a yell, to wend its way into your epigastric region.

Napoleon said, when he first entered Poland, that he had discovered a fifth element, the element of mud. We have assuredly discovered a sixth; as raging as fire, as suffocating as water, as pitiless as earth, as universal as the all-pervading air. Ah Napoleon! Thou didst wrong to quarrel with mud. It is defunct dust; and the deceased state of a monster more abominable, more terrible than the scaly offspring of the Deucalian Deluge, ought to inspire one's mind with none but pleasant thoughts. Indeed, after a good deal of reflection on the subject, we are quite persuaded that Python himself and his history are but typical of dust. First came the deluge "sweeping our flocks and herds" from the pleasant plains of Thessaly—then mud—then mud on active service, *c'est a dire* dust,—then Apollo, the sun, with his bow—to wit the rainbow, telling the thirsty vales of impending cloud water, which lays or kills the dust, to wit Python; and *voilà tout*!—I never had so great a love for the glorious Polyhymnia, who still reigns in triumph at the Vatican as erst at Delos,

until I conceived the above simple and natural solution of the allegory of Python. But now in this very maelstrom, as it seems to me, of all that is dusty on earth, the divinity comes upon my recollection glowing in all his own surpassing splendour, and brighter still in that with which my gratitude has invested him. How unperturbed is that serenely awful presence. The "Lord of the unerring bow," can well dispense with the eager intensity of gaze, the corrugated brow, the compressed lip, with which the mere mortal archer, shooting at the wild beast who if missed rends him, breathlessly watches the flight of his winged weapon. As little does Phœbus Apollo condescend to that easy Toxopholite meeting, air, that careless consciousness or conceit of skill, which is but a refinement in vanity. He shoots with the calm certainty of a God ; too assured either to tremble for success or to exult in it. The great sea is not more tranquil when its tides arise at the bright bidding of the full orbéd moon and contract the bounds of empires,—the granite roots of the eternal Andes are not firmer,—the morning clouds which wreath their splintered pinnacles not lighter,—the feathery bamboo and the palm which wave on the

green savannahs at their feet not more graceful than that immortal statue. You see at a glance that it is a little thing to him to kill Python, though you trace the wretch's scaly vastness, flashing and writhing and weltering, like a broad stream of many coloured lava, far away over yonder once verdant, now blighted, vales; far away amongst the purple rocks, far away through the deep forests

“ ——— no longer

Populous solitudes of bees and birds,
And fairy forms of many coloured things.”

whose trees are crushed like dry grass, or scattered as feathers on a sea breeze, by the monster's every movement. That which glances in the blue distance, as it were a silver river glittering down the slope of yonder remote mountain, is somewhere within a few leagues of the interminable brute's tail; while his head is plunged a thousand fathoms deep into the blue Ægean, where he sucks in stray whales through his teeth (for the same purpose as one disposes of oysters at the Rocher de Canaille) to give himself an appetite. Yet very little is this to Phœbus Apollo. He smiles a glorious smile, and the heavens are filled with delicious light,

the atmosphere is tinted as with gold, and the fleecy clouds that float on the gentle west wind over the sparkling waves of the Ægean, turn "celestial rosy red." He smiles to think how that absurd creature, Python, with his head heaven knows where, and his tail meandering amongst the ridges of Larissa, is no more cognoscent of the interesting fact, that, at the very instant of which I write, the shears of inexorable Atropos are closing with a quick clang, and a bitter edge, upon the thread of his existence, than the meanest creeping thing who boasteth himself of the genus *Serpens*.—Was that a sudden thunder-clap? Was that intense flash of amethystine light, which dimmed the sun and made all nature quiver, some quintessence of concentrated lightning reserved by Titan-controlling Jove to rend mountains, and crumble the strong towers of kings into powder? No! It was the sound of the divine bow, the flight of that immortal arrow which with a thousand thunderbolt power, smashes the vertebræ of the miserable monster Python; cleaving him in two, so that his head slips over the cliffs into the disturbed sea, where he was snapping up bewildered whales, while his tail remains to contaminate the air in

the vallies of Parnassus. But he has vanished in the twinkling of a star. He, the devastator,—the forest crusher,—the rock bruiser,—the earth blighter. And there stands the divine son of Latona, calm, majestic, glorious; triumphant, yet with no air of triumph, an avenger, yet with no vengeful expression in his godlike eye; serenely victorious, immortally beautiful,—even as he still stands in the gorgeous and solemn vastness of the mighty Vatican.

* * * * * *

But I have a faint impression that I am somewhat wandering from my subject, which if I recollect aright had a certain connection with the wretched dust of this miserable metropolis of Calcutta.

Be it so—if I *was* so wandering then will I no longer conceal my opinion, that Deucalion was the happiest of mankind. He was as fortunate as Othello; “The wars are over, friends, the Turks are drowned.” In his day dust was drowned. He must positively have forgotten the ceremony of brushing his coat and hat, by the time he was called upon to re-people the earth with pebbles. Fancy how sublime to look from his lonely boat over the wide waste of multitudinous waves, and say to his heart

“be of good cheer mine heart; whatever else has happened, here at least we can sit without eating dirt.”—Dear reader of this my mournful reminiscence, jump to no hasty conclusion that any other gentleman adrift on the wide ocean could repeat with a safe conscience the words of the Thessalian Patriarch. If you have any such “flattering unction” to lay to your soul (I presume thou hatest dust as I, the dust hater par excellence, hate it) get rid of that flattering unction as speedily as possible; for know, unfortunate, that a thing once befel me, the sad writer of this unhappy lucubration, and the thing was nothing less than seeing the sails, the deck, the rigging, the inwards, and the outwards of a miserable ship, sailing at least eight hundred miles from the coast of Africa west of the Cape of Good Hope, covered with an almost impalpable red powder; in short, with the dust of the desert—with the dust that had risen in little puffs as the fire eyed coursers of Bornou and the Feletah careered over the shadowless expanse, the broad bladed spears of their fierce riders glittering like flame in the glare of the white sunshine; the dust which had perhaps just passed over a wretched caravan, and depositing some few thousand tons of its least heaven-aspiring particles,

buried certain hundreds of slaves and their drivers, together with a string of camels a mile and a half long, beneath a miniature mountain. And this dust powdered our sails, until, as they flapped, the white mark made by each particular rope became visible on the ruddy canvass. I grieved that it was dust and that I was bound to hate it, for there was something of the wild and wonderful in its thus traversing the regions of the air upon the breath of the desert wind, to light upon a solitary ship far out amidst the never sleeping waves of the great Atlantic. I may indeed be told that dust in the abstract is not altogether devoid of a certain sublimity. I may be reminded of Cambyzes and his perishing legions; of the bone strewed Zahra, where this demon is lord of the ascendant, and, from his burning clouds, shouts with the voice of a roaring wind for fresh hecatombs; of Bruce's pillars, purple, and gold, and lurid red, sweeping over the desert like mountains tossed up and driven from their foundations, with a speed that leaves the Ostrich and the Giraffe no hope from flight.—All this is very well, but I pray of you to consider—You are alluding to dust, but to what dust?—The dust of a primitive formation. Dust possessing the charm and

the dignity with which a venerable antiquity invests all things. Dust that was cliff in the time of Tubal Cain, and boulders no farther back than the reign of Belus. Dust which could tell of the tread of Alexander's phalanx, and Cæsar's cohorts; which was imprinted by the golden and ruby shoes of the white steed of Zenobia, and received the cleft hoof marks of the camel of the Prophet of Mecca at the Hegira. Yes! that *were* dust to which a man might either reconcile his soul, or at least treat it as a noble though implacable enemy. But by Apis! by Cheops! by Nemesis! the thing is utterly impossible so far as the dust of Calcutta is concerned, seeing that it is nothing more or less, (may its grave be ever defiled!) than Calcutta brick dust. Yes! We are condemned to swallow and snuff up with our offended nostrils the debris of Mr. Antonio de Mello's recently pulled down punch house, once the glory of Baboo Ramsoonder's gully. We inhale the fragments of Mr. Henry Hobbs's six stalled stable, redolent of musty straw, mustard oil lamps, and the coachman's curry. We breathe the pulverized remains of the kitchen range, which once cooked, with the assistance of a loose trowsered, long haired, and scull capped Bawurchee, the late Lieutenant Octavius

Shufflebotham's daily beefsteaks and fried onions. There is degradation as well as annoyance in this—it is adding impertinence to injury. It is an indignity to the trachea to come in contact with the remains of De Mello's domicile—an insult to the whole inner man to be M'Adamized, as it were, with the rejected particles, rejected even by the general air, of Lieutenant Shufflebotham's culinary apparatus. Even as I write, the plague is upon us! Yes, De Mello, Hobbs, Shufflebotham, *all* are upon us; and there is, as Macbeth says, "No going hence or tarrying here." See, the winds have had a conference; Eolus has made Borcas first Lord of the Treasury, and Auster has the black rod. It is a regular coalition, Lord North President of the Council; and as the natural result of a mighty confederacy, some one who is innocent of belonging to it is sure to suffer. The ventose powers have left off tossing the clouds about. They are no longer playing at football with spherical fragments of vapor, but have gathered them in a frowning and portentous mass; into a spectral and pall like drapery, amidst the immensity of whose murky folds the lightning plays in faint flashes, and there is a muttering of smothered thunder.

The trees stand still and look stupified. Can it be that they feel in their innermost hearts and deepest roots a sentiment of instability? Do the hopes of their leaves wither, as with green and glossy eyes they gaze upon yon grim funereal sky?—Yes! they are dumb with fear. Their foliage has left off whispering, and even a shiver is out of the question. Blacker and blacker is the frown of all the winds, at their dark gathering in the north-west.

“Shall we go out, my love,” enquires Mr. Henry Langridge of the pearly, the soft, swan downy creature, we have already attempted faintly to shadow forth, in this our mournful essay upon dust?—“Shall we go out Harriette?”—repeats Mr. Henry Langridge, who wanted to show his new eab and his teeth to Mrs. Colonel Galbraith.

“Yes love,” replies our heroine, who having been spoken to twice, and being desirous to shew her new brietscka, and *her* teeth to Captain the Honorable St. Ledger Sniveldale, A.D.C., condescends to answer the query of her lord matrimonial.

“I think it looks horridly black—but,”—here Mr.

Langridge might have added "that will not keep Mary Galbraith at home.—"

"Very black indeed, love," replies the more charming half of the well-dressed, and gentlemanly Langridge, "very black, indeed, love, but—"and here she might have added, "St. Ledger told me that if the clouds rained bayonets and congreve rockets, one hope, and his bay Arab would always carry him to the Old Course."

"But there will be *no* rain." This was a duct by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Langridge; the style bold and prononcé, the unison admirable, the harmony uncommon.

To be sure the clouds, or the cloud, (for there is one awful mountain of blackness, or if you like to call it so, ocean of ink, blotting out the sun in the north-west) the clouds gather darker and darker in masses heaped upon masses. Pelion on Olympus, and mercy on us how *very* black! Ærial lamp black, atmospheric pitch, condensed vapour of asphaltum. Poor deluded Mr. and Mrs. Henry Langridge! There will be no *rain*! but we shall see what there *will* be!—Not a breath of air on the earth, not a bird in the sky.

What the devil has become of all the crows? For the first time in their long, useless, and uncomfortable lives they are invisible, and have left off cawing. Not a sound to break the unnatural stillness, save the dull rolling of some distant carriage bearing forlorn and misguided persons in the very teeth of that mighty avalanche of gathering vapour, which becomes with every passing minute, blacker, and blacker, and blacker,—

“Dark as ten furies, terrible as hell.”

Nature has no voice. Universal Pan is dumb. Man, alone, with his perked up impertinence, his jaunty self complacency, his stupid presumption, and insolent non-chalance, slights or braves the manifestation of coming wrath. There are two pleasure boats even now, gracefully stooping to the passing currents of air which play across the river, and dashing from their bows the miniature billows, (how long to be miniature?) of the fast darkening Hoogly. Unhappy men! do you not heed the fearful shadows, which deepen with every moment, on those turbid and fatal waters? Already your white sails shew ghastly in the thickening gloom of the heavy atmosphere, and your tiny barks assume

the spectral look no living boat should wear. Unhappy men ! have you no wives, no children, no mother waiting in the far-off home of some green English valley ? No father bowing his reverend head in prayer for the safety of the Indian exile ? Could you not die elsewhere, was it then foredoomed that the sharks and the alligators of this terrible stream should struggle in its impure depths for your mangled remains ?—Ah, you see it now ! Let fly the sheets ! jam the tiller hard down for your lives !—for your lives ! up with her into the wind !—By heaven, it is too late !—With a rush like the rush of a tiger leaping at his prey, with a noise as though the hosts of Dom Daniel had broken loose, and ten thousand Afreet trumpeters were pealing the march of Eblis, till earth quivered at the demon uproar, the dry North-wester is upon us ; and midst crashing trees, and falling turrets, pours forth the howling rage of all his concentrated winds on the maddening and foaming river. But where is Calcutta ? where is Howrah ? where is Kidderpore ? The Fort, the Shipping, the Ochterlony Pillar, the Ship, Cowasjee Family, Madame Chevrot the milliner's, Mr. Wilson, the pastry-cook's, the blue sky, the green earth, the great globe itself ? Obliterated—gone—

vanished—blotted out from the map of creation! They are no longer things of this universe; they have become the palpable obscure—the dim—the visionary—the vague—the mysterious. They have shared the fate of the lost Pleiad, of Gilpin Horner, of little Bo-peep's lambkins. The storm is as nothing. The terrible sky is as nothing. The boiling, groaning river is as nothing—danger is as nothing,—terror is nothing, everything is nothing, for we are in the presence of dust—of dust lording it over nature in all the awful ugliness of his unimaginable, indescribable, atrocity.

A crumbled mountain, an upheaved desert, is afloat in the raging air. A Vesuvius of pulverized brick, a Zahra whose sands are the atoms of old shoes, dead cats, parched drain deposits, decayed verandahs, and weather wasted chimneys. High towers the red pestilence, cloud above cloud, and billow rolling over billow. It is in vain we turn our eyes to the four points of the compass to seek some opening, some hope, some comfort. For us there are *no* points of the compass—east, west, north and south are blotted out for ever—“Horrible on all sides round,” the grim and lurid atmosphere closes us in as with a dome, a floor, a pall,

and a wall of dusky fire. We hear a roar like the roar of a thousand burning forests. We hear suffocated and faint screams, the crash of meeting carriages and shivered poles.

Now and then a mightier smash is heard, dimly as it were, through the howl and hubbub of the tempest; and a vast flying branch or two, torn from some great banyan or pekul tree just tottering to its own fall, shimmers darkly as it skims through the lurid atmosphere with the speed of a rock from a catapult. Now a hundred turbans, skirred from the heads of hairless and despairing coachmen, hurry with sudden and capricious bounds far over the plain, or floating about amidst the deluge of dust which has mastery over earth and sky, add their multitudinous spots to the dimness and denseness of the suffocating atmosphere. Now Syces fall into ditches with great shouts, and led horses, led no more, gallop snorting and masterless over the invisible plain. There is a gentleman blind from the dust in his eyes, speechless from the dust in his mouth, deaf from the dust in his ears, and profoundly ignorant that at the present moment his English gelding hath its head through the smashed window of a Palankeen carriage,

amidst the wholly inaudible screams of the six young ladies who, with their respectable mother, happen to be inside passengers. Here another is leading his wife's pony and his own Arabian, with his hat blown over his eyes and kept there, under a kind of supernatural pressure, by the upturned skirts of his riding coat. He proceeds at a sort of reluctant trot or involuntary amble, with the force of a hundred blast bellows power of wind assailing his rearmost man (no longer fenced by his rebellious skirts) and wholly unable to accomplish the main object of his existence; that being, at this precise moment, a desperate longing to cast one look at his better half. Alas, poor uxorious, with one horse and one pony encumbered, gentleman! he is wholly unconscious that the lady in question has, for the past five minutes, been safely deposited forty yards in the rear; a fact indeed of which the dear one herself was scarcely cognoscent when blown over the long tail of her white Tania, which "streams like a meteor in the troubled air," for the wind "did its spiriting gently;" and a little mountain of dust, dropped by some exhausted whirlpool of the elements, received the fallen fair in its soft lap, and in a setting posture, with all the gentle-

ness due to her rank, sex and misfortune. But the hurricane of red, arid, cutting dust pauses not. Trees topple down, chimneys shake, verandahs totter; an indescribable bellowing, groaning, and howling fill the vexed, distracted air, mingled with cries and crashes more terrible for the obscurity which envelopes all things. For ourself we sit in darkness and a sort of dogged despair. Vain are the miserable contrivance of doors and windows against this cruel cataract, this inundation, this all-pervading element of dust—Pooh! pshaw! poof! praff! ha! foo! hehcrankh! We sputter, we pant, and at length, wrought up to mortal agony, we commit that which never happened to us but once before in our attenuated existence,—We swear! Let the recording angel try to register our oaths. He cannot. We defy him. His pen is clogged, his ink is like Tewksbury mustard with this Inferno of dust, this Padelon, this Tartarus of pulverized bricks. But “fools rush in where angels fear to tread” and being utterly distracted, beside ourself, in short a fool made imbecile by excess of dust, I will rush in at the risk of suffocation, and deal upon the vile creature though I die for it.

Dust! may the grave of thy father, may the grave of thine uncle be defiled! May thy mother wash the petticoats of the Furies in Phlegaton! Dust, I spit on thee! I trample on thee! I glare and gnash my teeth at thee! Thou art a beast, a brute, and the son of a brute! Oh progeny of a jack-ass, whose dog are we that we should swallow thee? Out upon thee, thou kicked of men and beasts, thou whisked about by the tails of cows, and little dogs; thou crawled upon by pismires! Thou art drowned in the waters of the Hooghly. Thou art hurried afar out into the depths of the Bay of Bengal, and formest base brutish islets! Hated of mankind and pilots; spawned on by crocodiles; scratched by supercilious tigers. Thou art by rain made mud "filthy dowlas." Thou art trodden under foot by "hollow pampered jades of Asia," drawing water carts marked C. P. Thou art hurry skurried over land and sea by such a blast as this. It treats thee with contempt. In sooth, dust, thou art but a miserable monster, the slave after all of the elements. Rest is thine never, until suffocated with dirty water thou liest dead and unlamented. Oh how I rejoice over the multifarious miseries which are thy fates! They are

sugar to my soul, myrobalan comfits to my spirit. Dog ! Villain ! Deboshed Stockfish ! Murderer of the traveller in the vicinity of Shary. Murderer of his coat in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. Murderer of his peace everywhere. Thou Demigorgon “ a tremendous gloom.” Tale-bearer, for thou fillest ears with what is abominable. Hypocrite, for thou blindest clear eyes. Poisoner, ravager, destroyer, ruthless wretch ! “ Oh, for breath to utter !”—But I have done ; the atmosphere has become quite clear and refreshing for Calcutta. I can see considerably more than three yards from my own window, and in less than an hour the Government House will again be visible, so will Mr. Wilson, the pastry-cook’s. I have done. But only this—Dust, remember it—keep it, dust, in thy vile mind and miserable heart ; dream of it sleeping and waking, for be sure it will come upon thee like a pestilence and a thunder clap ; or, what is more abhorrent to thy dastard nature, like a sudden shower of rain. Dust, as sure as thou art at this moment here and there and everywhere, I will imitate the example of the illustrious Hamilear. I will build a temple sacred to Jupiter Pluvius and immortal hate. Thither, on ponies and in a gig, will I

take my four sons. Thither will I take them in bottle green jackets and nankeen trowsers; I will swear them to an eternity of vengeance against thee; I will give them, to hold water, a Pig-skin bag of the largest dimensions a piece, and send them into the world as Bheestees!*

* * * * *

Merciful powers! a friend has just been with me. He swears, *Ventre St. Gris*, that the dust is worse at Cawnpore!—at Cawnpore! Enough. I have just been appointed seventeenth Assistant to the Sub-Deputy Collector at the very place. But no matter. The waters of the Hoogly are crystal in comparison with the atmosphere I should there have to endure. Coffee colourest of earth's streams open thine umbrageous arms. In thy dun depths are alligators and tamarind fish (which is a very nice relish for breakfast, the way Mr. Branch Pilot Hobbles prepares it on board of the *H. C. P. V. Kedgerree*.) There are possibly Nereids, and also Tritons, besides the Honorable Company's chain moorings, and the anchor lost last voyage by the

* Persons who in the metropolis of British India perform the service of the London water carts.

Kellie Castle—but there is no DUST. No dust my soul! Think of that and then reflect upon your latest intelligence from Cawnpore. Again, I say, enough!—Farewell, my sweet boys—be careful of your bottle-green jackets, give your mother no trouble, at least no more than may divert her grief for my untimely end, and always wash your faces on a Saturday. My wife—my Esmiralda!—but I cannot!—My will is in the fourth pigeon hole marked L. of the new toon wood escritoir I purchased from Messrs. Tickory, Jones and Dunstable. If my body *should* be found anywhere in the neighbourhood of Budge-Budge — then — Kyte — Solitude—The Coroner—impartial Jury—I cannot go on—DUST, THOU HAST CONQUERED.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SEPOY GRENADIERS.

“ And all the gods in council descended from their spheres
To view, with admiration,

The British Grenadiers—”

With standards floating proudly
To the trumpet's royal tone,
To drums all beating loudly,
And bugles freely blown ;
With dauntless hearts, march on, my boys,
Where'er the foe appears,
To try the shock of bayonets
With the Sepoy Grenadiers.

When volleys flash around us,
And cannon balls rush by,
No fear can e'er confound us ;
We conquer, or we die !

If comrades fall, each glorious wound
Upon the front appears ;
For death may crush, he cannot daunt,
The Sepoy Grenadiers.

When, like a thunder-shower,
Grape rattles through our ranks,
And clouds of horsemen lower
Upon our shatter'd flanks ;
We scorn the first, we beat the last,
Come thousands more, who cares ?
While steel is true, we'll dash them back,
Like Sepoy Grenadiers.

To him renown'd in story
Awake the loud " Huzza !"
Who led us on to glory
At terrible Assaye !
Who taught the French marauders,
Their Shah, and his wuzeers,
To fly before the general
Of Sepoy Grenadiers.

The spirits of our sires,
Who gather'd such renown
From clouds of battle-fires,
With stern delight look down.
To Delhi and to Deeg they point,
Those stars of other years,
And bid us still maintain the fame
Of the Sepoy Grenadiers.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

Hasten, love, the sun hath set,
And the moon, through twilight gleaming,
On the mosque's white minaret,
Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in deep repose ;
Silence rests on field and dwelling,
Save where bulbul to the rose
Is a love-tale sweetly telling.

Save the ripple, faint and far,
Of the river softly gliding ;
Soft as thine own murmurs are,
When my kisses gently chiding.

Stars are sparkling in the sky,—

Blest abodes of light and gladness.

Oh, my life ! that thou and I

Might quit for them this world of sadness !

Yet, not within the mighty range

Of orbs like very diamonds shewing,

Are any two for which I'd change

Those two dear eyes, with fondness glowing.

See the fire-fly in the tope,

Cheerily midst darkness shining,

As the light which love and hope

Sends to calm my soul's repining.

Sweet the night-wind beareth by

Scents from flowers, of nature's wreathing,

Till I think my Lillia nigh,

And the perfumed breeze her breathing.

The soft air stirs the lemon-grass ;—

I think it is her step, that lightly

O'er the opening buds can pass,

Nor bend them more than dew's do nightly.

Then haste, blest treasure of my heart !

Flowers around, and stars above thee,

Alone must view us meet and part;—

Alone must witness—how I love thee.

PART OF AN ODE OF HAFIZ,

PARAPHRASED.

I.

Without the maid on whom we doat,
The sweetest rose in vernal bloom
Unheeded sheds its rich perfume ;
Without the nightingale's soft note,
Vain are the gardens, founts, and bowers ;
Nay, spring itself, that time of gladness,
Might come unnoticed, or in sadness,
If wine were banish'd by its flowers.

II.

You gently-waving cypress tree,
Coy wooer of the summer wind ;
Those fragrant flowers, which unconfined,
Invite the roaming honey-bee ;

Are lifeless all, and drear to view,
Unless the maid, whose tulip-cheek
Blushes the love she will not speak,
Casts o'er the scene joy's rosy hue.

III.

Yet, even then, if those sweet eyes,
Where love and pleasure ever reign,
Are hid in anger, or disdain,
Alas ! how quick all pleasure flies !
For, oh ! the rose, the mantling wine,
The brightest tints rich nature blends,
Are dim, unless my dear one lends
The lustre of her look divine.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

As the dark clouds of past woe and sorrow
Disperse in our wine's sunny ray,
Let us drown every care for to-morrow
In joy-giving cups of to-day.

Our goblets !—with garlands we'll dress them,
And Fancy the whim shall approve,
That the rose-entwin'd brims, as we press them,
Are the lips of the dear ones we love.

This garden of fresh-blooming flowers
A lesson may teach us ;—in spring,
Still enjoy the soft sunshine and showers,
Nor think what hoar winter may bring.

GEMS.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

If you would pink rubies seek,
Look for them in Lillia's cheek.
Would you the clear diamond spy,
See it sparkle in her eye.
Why should divers seek for pearls
Where the dangerous sea-wave curls?
Where exist such pearls, beneath
The ocean green, as Lillia's teeth?
Miners leave the darkling mine,
Divers quit the treacherous tide,
Seek your gems where they combine
To deck my Lillia, beauty's pride.

THE MUSSULMAN'S LAMENT OVER THE BODY OF TIPPOO SULTAN.

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL.

Light of my faith ! thy flame is quench'd
In this deep night of blood ;
The sceptre from thy race is wrenched,
And of the brave who stood
Around thy Musnud, strong and true,
When this day's sun-rise on the brow
Of yonder mountains glanced, how few
Are left to weep thee now !—

SOLDIERS.

Allah ! 'tis better thus to die,
With war-clouds hanging redly o'er us ;
Than to live a life of infamy,
With years of grief and shame before us.

Star of the battle ! thou art set ;
But thou didst not sink down,

As those who could their fame forget,
Before the tempest's frown ;
As those crown'd dastards, who could crave
The mercy of their haughty foes.—
Better to perish with the brave,
Than to live and reign like those.

SOLDIERS.

Allah ! 'tis better thus to die, &c.

No ! *thou* hast to thy battle-bed
Rush'd like thy native sun,
Whose fiercest, brightest rays are shed
When his race is nearest done ;
Where sabres flash'd, and vollies rang,
And quickest sped the parting breath,
Thou from a life of empire, sprang
To meet a soldier's death.

SOLDIERS.

Allah ! 'tis better thus to die, &c.

Thy mighty father joyfully
Look'd from his throne on high ;

He mark'd his spirit live in thee,
He smiled to see thee die ;
To see thy sabre's last faint sweep*
Tinged with a foeman's gore ;
To see thee sink to the hero's sleep,
With thy red wounds all before.

SOLDIERS.

Allah ! 'tis better thus to die, &c.

The faithful, in their emerald bowers
The toobah-tree beneath,
Have twined thee of unfading flowers,
The martyr's glorious wreath ;
And dark-eyed girls of Paradise,
Their jewell'd kerchiefs wave,
To welcome to their crystal skies
The Sultan of the brave.

SOLDIERS.

Allah ! 'tis sweeter thus to die
The martyr's death, with heaven before us,
Than to live an age—with infamy,
And foemen's fetters hanging o'er us.

* An historical fact.

THE NORTH-EAST TRADE.

Merrily, merrily, the good ship goes,
Like a sea-bird o'er the sea ;
Swift as in spring the startled roes
Dash bounding o'er the lea ;
As she stoops before the northern wind,
The curling waves are left behind,
But the gallant albacore,
With spring and bound,
Like a new-slipp'd hound,
Still swims abreast her prore.

Merrily, merrily, the good ship goes,
And the track she leaves astern
Is dazzling white, as mountain-snows,
When they cover the mountain-fern,
Talk of the southern breeze, that breathes
Amongst the garden's flowery wreaths !

But give *me* the fresh north blast,
The whistling gale
That fills the sail,
And bends the quivering mast.

Merrily, merrily, the good ship goes,
She feels the brave blast now ;
Beneath her stern, the breakers close
That she dashes from her bow ;
Through rattling block and creaking shroud
The cheery wind pipes clear and loud,
While the waves of the glorious sea
Around her pour,
As if they bore,
Some Ocean-Deity.

TAZEH BEH TAZEH.

I.

Sweet singing minstrel, once again
Give to the air that sparkling strain,
Sing of fresh streams that round us flow,
Sing of sweet flowers that round us blow,
Sing of bright wine and its ruby glow,
“Tazeh beh Tazeh—no beh no.”*

II.

Flowers will fade in the woven wreath,
Streams pass away in the hot wind's breath,
Even our wine's beautiful ray,
Dims as the night yields to the day,
Love's sweet smiles are alone, we know,
“Tazeh beh Tazeh—no beh no.”

* Fresh and fresh—new and new.

III.

Then let us careless pass our hours,
Though we lose wine, and streams and flowers,
While we have love, 'tis that which throws
Joy in the cup, bloom on the rose.
Sing then of love which makes all below
“ Tazeh beh Tazeh—no beh no.”

A FEW VERSES IN HONOR OF PALE ALE.

I.

Let others sing Love's simpering joys,

Its maudling woes bewail,

A nobler theme *my* harp employs,

The glories of Pale Ale.

Long may the British banner blaze

O'er Indian hill and vale,

While we, beneath its shadow, praise

Fate's choicest gift, PALE ALE.

II.

Lo ! commerce, whose resplendent wings

Glitter the wide earth o'er,

The welcome stranger gladly brings

To India's palmy shore ;

Mirth is in every hall a guest,
Anger forgets to rail,
And grief retires before the blest
Avatar of PALE ALE.

III.

Pale Ale ! Pale Ale ! that sound of fire
Has roused the lord of song,
Deign, great Apollo, on my lyre
Its echoes to prolong.
“Seek nought from me,” the God replies,
“If inspiration fail,
Go find it where it sparkling lies
In generous PALE ALE.”

IV.

Pale Ale ! how many a bard hath pour'd
Wild stanzas in thy praise,
When all around the festal board
Was lighted by thy rays ;
As sages draw ethereal light
From clouds that o'er them sail,
From thee we gather fancies bright,
Magnificent PALE ALE !

V.

Champagne's green flats, and proud Bordeaux,
May boast their produce rare ;
Bourgogne's resplendent vintage glow,
Madeira's sparkle fair ;
They are the table's suns—but we
Its milder moonlight hail,
Which shines, but scorches not, in thee
Pure, exquisite PALE ALE.

VI.

Johannisberg's Imperial hills
Hang o'er the azure Rhine,
In autumn rich Markbrunner's rills
Run purple with its wine ;
Nature with all her glories there
Clothes gorgeous hill and vale,
But Kent, thy hop fields far more dear
Give promise of PALE ALE.

VII.

How many a recollection comes
With that true English sound,

Our native glens, our happy homes,
The green hills swelling round,
The leafy oaks whose rustlings make
Sweet music to the gale,
The silver stream—the hazel brake
All rise o'er thee, PALE ALE.

VIII.

But, ambery fluid, nobler themes
Than those thy influence yields,
Thoughts of old sports by mountain streams,
Sports in the yellow fields;
Once more of merry England's chase
Thou wak'st the fiery tale,
O'er hill, and moor, and moss, we race,
Inspired by thee, PALE ALE.

IX.

When o'er Bengal's storm-troubled bay
Lowers the dark monsoon,
And the wild tempest's iron sway
Shadows our dreary June ;

The weary tar, who comes below
From striking mast or sail,
Feels home within his stout heart glow
At sight of thee, PALE ALE.

X.

Where o'er some Droog's high battlements
Hangs India's starry sky,
And far around the snowy tents
Of England's leaguer lie ;
What, in to-morrow's fiery storm,
Shall those proud towers avail
Against the Briton's conquering arm
Made potent by PALE ALE ?

XI.

The blue-eyed yeomen of our plains
Five hundred years ago,
Sent through war's frequent hurricanes
A death-shower on the foe ;
Whence came the mighty force that drove
The shaft through plate and mail,
But from the beverage Britons love,
Invigorating ALE.

XII.

And later days have seen them tear
Fresh laurels from the might
Of France's Eagle, when with fear
Pale Europe watch'd her flight ;
And still, upon the field or flood,
Their valour shall prevail,
While mingles with their British blood
Congenial British ALE.

XIII.

Rich and capacious Goblets bring,
And fresh, cool wreaths entwine
Of verdant hops, dew glittering,
Old England's genuine vine ;
Crown us—and as the beakers foam
Let's drink each glorious sail
That wafts from our own Island Home
Its richest gift—PALE ALE.

CALCUTTA STANZAS.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

“Now is the month of Maying.”—*Old Madrigal.*

Happy the man, whose hair and beard
Are glittering stiff with ice and snow,
Whose purple face with sleet is sear'd,
His nose also.

Happy the man whose fingers five
Seem to have left him altogether,
And feet are scarcely more alive
In wintry weather.

And happier he, who, heavenly cold,
From warmth and sunshine far away,
Lives till his freezing blood grows old
At Hudson's Bay.

He in a beauteous basin, wrought
Of frozen quicksilver, his feet
May lave in water down to nought
Of Fahrenheit.

The whole year round too, if he pleases,
Far from the sun's atrocious beams
He may, unbaked by burning breezes,
Live on ice creams.

And if for comfort, or for pride,
He wants shirt, breeches, coat, or vest;
Let him but bathe, then step outside,
And Lo—he's drest!

Drest in habiliments of ice,
More bright than those of old put on
At royal birthdays, by the nice
Beau Skeffington.

Happy the man, again I sing,
Who thus can freeze his life away,
Far from this hot blast's blustering,
At Hudson's Bay.

Oh that 'twere mine to be so blest,
For while my very bones are grilling,
The thoughts of such a place of rest
Are really thrilling.

Instead of jackets, I would wear
A coat of sleet, with snow lapelles,
Neatly embroidered here and there
With icicles.

Snow shoes should brace my burning feet,
And how I should enjoy a shiver,
While snow I'd drink, and snow I'd eat,
To cool my liver.

I'd tune my pipe by icy Hearne,
By frozen Coppermine I'd stroll,
And, now and then, might take a turn
Towards the Pole.

But all in vain I sigh for lands
Where happy cheeks with cold look blue,
While here i'the shade the mercury stands
At ninety-two

THE AMATEURS.

INTRODUCTION.

I have a great idea that my respected reader, if I have one, never conducted an Amateur Theatre. If he did not, I can only say with Ancient Pistol, "Why then lament therefore;" for since it is good to know whatever is most perfect of its kind in all things, no man can have had any chance of being acquainted with the most perfect comical, half vexing, half amusing confusion, disappointment, hurry, scurry, and worry on the face of the earth, if he has not had the agreeable experience in question. This probably holds good with respect to purely amateur theatricals in England, where there are, for such things "all appliances and means to boot," but if it does, then will I take upon myself to say that all such British difficulties are multiplied in Calcutta by fifty.

The unhappy compounder of this "BOLE PONJIS," had the fate to conduct during his *leisure* hours, heaven bless the mark! and for some years, the stage manage-

ment of one of the most considerable Amateur Theatres in India, perhaps in the world ; so considerable, indeed, that those “ Gentlemen of England, who *act* at home at ease,” can have no conception of such an establishment, or the delights of conducting it.

The author has endeavoured to distil the quintessence of his experience in such management, into a very gentle bitter, wherewith to flavour lightly, as becometh a good punch maker, the present compound ; and he affectionately dedicates the result of his chemistry to those dear brethren of the unprofessional sock and buskin who may still remember, half pleased, half sad, some happy and comical hours when we were

“THE AMATEURS.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUSKIN. *An Amateur Stage Manager.*

CHIP *The Carpenter.*

MR. GREEN *The Prompter.*

DAVENPORT

SECRETARY

BELVI—THIRD HAMLET .

FIRST HAMLET

SECOND HAMLET

GENTLEMAN

GHOST

OPHELIA

MAJOR BRUSH

} *Amateurs.*

THE AMATEURS.

THE CALCUTTA THEATRE.

The Stage—The Drop down. On a table Pens, Ink, and immense heaps of Paper, Notes, &c.

BUSKIN *behind the Scenes.*

Buskin.—Mr. Chip, Mr. Chip!

Chip.—Sir?

Bus.—What the devil have you done with the thunder?

Chip.—Oh, Sir, Captain Rocket put his foot through it.

Bus.—(*Entering with Chip.*) And pray what made Captain Rocket put his foot through the thunder?

Chip.—Oh, Sir! he said it warn't no more like thunder nor *his* grandmother. He said, Sir, as how he'd make you a little proper thunder.

Bus.—Oh, *very* well—but if he makes any better I'll—but what has become of the roaring of the sea?

Chip.—Oh Sir, Captain Rocket said, it war'nt no more like the roaring of the sea nor his grandmother, and that he can make capital roaring of the sea with a little brickdust and whitey-brown paper.

Bus.—Oh, *very* well, *very* well, and I suppose Captain Rocket has been so obliging as to take charge of the rain too?

Chip.—Yes, Sir, he said it warn't no more like rain nor his grandmother.

Bus.—(*Aside.*) Confound his grandmother and grandfather too.

Chip.—What do you think, Sir, Captain Rocket said our best rain was like, (the second-best rain you know, Sir, is gone to be mended.) Why Sir, he said it sounded like bubble and squeak in a frying pan. Oh, Sir, he's a very funny gentleman, Captain Rocket.

Bus.—Yes, *very* funny; but come Chip bestir yourself, this is positively our last and dress rehearsal, so away to business.—(*Exit Chip.*)—That fellow Rocket now, fancies he has a genius for stage mechanics, so he blew off part of the roof of the house the last time we played

the "Secret Mine," broke the sun and comet in "Manfred," and imitated the wind in the "Tempest" so admirably, that the audience took the noise for a concert of penny trumpets—Mr. Green.

Green.—Sir. (*Enter.*)

Bus.—Are the gentlemen dressing?

Green.—Yes Sir, but I really thought Sir, that two of 'em would have fit just now.

Bus.—What about?

Green.—Why Sir, they both insisted on dressing themselves by the long looking glass. Mr. Belvi because he play'd the principal character, and Major Mimms because his dress was the finest, so one shoved the other a little Sir, and then the other shoved the other a little, and so Sir—

Bus.—Bless me, I must go up and keep the peace.

[*A crash heard.*]

Green.—Oh dear Sir! that's the long looking glass; they've upset it between them, as sure as a gun.

Bus.—Oh—very fortunate—that will terminate the dispute, and the parties won't be exposed to any further unpleasant reflections. Where's the Ghost?

Green.—Putting on his waistcoat, Sir, but he swears

he won't come on unless he wears his own boots and spurs.

Bus.—Why what the deuce is the whim of that?

Green.—Why, Sir, he says they are just come out from England, and that they're the best pair of boots he ever saw in his life.

Bus.—Oh very very well, let him put on his cock'd hat and staff uniform if he likes—but if ever I undertake to manage again—they may catch me at it that's all. Any notes for me, Mr. Green?

Green.—Yes Sir, they're all on the table. (*Exit.*)

Bus.—(*Goes to the Table.*) Trouble, trouble—write, write—read, read—well if ever they catch me managing again! What's this?

(*Takes up a Note.*)

“ My dear Buskin,

“ Can't come to-night, pon honour; rather shabby, I confess, not to attend *one* rehearsal, but I have so little to do (Confound him, the second character in the play), that I shall get on very well on the night of performance.

“ Thine,

“ D. DULCET.”

Chowringhee, 29th December.

I thought so—it's enough to make one go—but if ever they catch me managing again! Now what's here?
(*Reads.*)

“Dear Sir,

“When I accepted the part of the second Herald at your particular request, I *did* hope, that we should have had a sufficient number of rehearsals to enable me to do justice to the character, and to the expectations of my friends; since, however, I find that we are not likely to have more than six, I beg to decline appearing in the part of the second Herald, which I accepted at your *particular* request. And remain, dear Sir,

“Your obedient Servant,

“CHRISTOPHER W. DUMPS.”

Clive Street, 29th December.

“P. S. If you can put off the play, and will have three or four more rehearsals, I shall still be prepared to play the part of the second Herald, which I accepted at your *particular* request.

“C. W. D.”

Egad, not so bad, Mr. Dumps ; a fellow who has only to say, "Your Grace shall be obeyed," from the beginning of the play to the end of it, wants fourteen rehearsals—well, if they ever catch me again—come, what more. (*Reads another Note.*)

"My dear Hal,

"It's no go I tell you, I won't do the Queen unless I am allowed to introduce 'The Bay of Biscay O!'—I've been taking lessons from Massoni, and it suits my voice exactly." (Heaven and Earth! the Queen in Hamlet, singing 'The Bay of Biscay O!' this is worse and worse egad ; I shouldn't be surprised if Ophelia proposed to dance a hornpipe.) [*reads.*]
"By the way, old boy, if I am to drink in the last scene where 'The King drinks to Hamlet,' I must have some bottled porter, for I'll be hanged if I drink anything else.

"Thine ever,

"PETER GORDON."

"Park Street, 29th December."

"P.S. Can't come to night, but that's no matter, you can read my part."

Oh I really must put a stop to this. The Bay of Biscay!—the Bay of devils! (*Sits down and writes in great wrath.*)

“My dear Gordon,—It is really too bad—”

No, that won't do; if we offend him he won't play the Queen, and we havn't got another man in this company with a small voice and a Grecian nose. [*Begins another note.*]

“My dear Gordon,

“You are a very good fellow for volunteering so capital a song, it will no doubt delight everybody, but as it would not perhaps be *quite* appropriate in the tragedy, would you very much oblige us by singing it between the second and third acts?

“Yours ever,

“H. BUSKIN.”

“Theatre, Thursday Evening.”

“P.S.—I will read your part with the greatest pleasure—”

Confound him, that's the fifth part I have been requested to read this evening, but if ever they catch me managing again—Davenport!

Enter DAVENPORT.

Daven.—Sir?

Bus.—Send this note to Mr. Gordon—are the gentlemen ready?

Daven.—Not quite Sir. The tailors have sewed up Captain Harrison's skin, and he can't get it on no how.

Bus.—Well, let him come on without it.

Daven.—Yes Sir, but he has got so far in that he can't get out of it again. [*Exit.*]

Bus.—Nothing but vexation—there's a complete suit of skin that cost the theatre twenty rupees, and those awkward fellows will tear it all to pieces. Egad, I wish it was their own skin, they'd be a little more careful of it. [*Opens another note.*] What have we here?

To the Stage Manager.

“Sir,—The last time I took my little ones to the Box door, they asked four rupees a piece for them—”

Psha! a deuced deal more than they were worth, I'll be bound. [*Throws away the note and opens another.*]

To H. Buskin, Esq.

“Sir,—Though I have not the pleasure of your per-

sonal acquaintance, yet permit me to take the liberty of observing, that when Thespis first made the stage a vehicle for the extension of moral benevolence and universal philanthropy — (hum, hum, hum,) — Sir, instead of the trash you are now pleased to give the public, I strongly recommend the immediate preparation of that excellent Tragedy, ‘The Double Revenge or the Sanguinary Monster of the Western Isles.’

“Yours, &c.,

“PHILO DRAMATICUS.”

“29th December.”

—Psha! pooh! nonsense. (*Tears up several notes after casting his eyes on them.*) But, if ever they catch me taking the stage management again!

Enter a GENTLEMAN dressed as Ophelia in the Mad Scene, with a basket of flowers on the left arm; a wine glass in the left hand, and a decanter of brandy in the right, at which he is smelling with much earnestness. A man's hat on his head.

Ophelia.—I say Buskin, my boy, confound it, this will never do; now only *do* smell it yourself; they get worse and worse brandy every day.

Bus.—My dear Ophelia, what can such a delicate creature possibly have to do with brandy.

Ophelia.—Oh it's all very well for *you* Buskin; but I'm naturally bashful, and if I haven't plenty of good brandy, I shall never get through the mad scene,—let me see.

(Acts tragically.)

“They bore him bare-faced on the bier,
Hey Nonny, Nonny, Hey Nonny.”

Talking of Nonny, Buskin, I wish you would desire them always to have a little Mulligatawny for supper.

“And in his grave rained many a tear.”

I say Busky, what fun it would be, if it would only rain brandy and water, my boy.

“There's rosemary,” *(looks in the basket,)* where's rosemary? I don't see anything like rosemary.

Bus.—Why, it's in the basket, isn't it?

Ophelia.—No, I'll be blow'd if it's here.

Bus.—Davenport.

Dav.—Sir. *(outside.)*

Bus.—Where's the rosemary for Ophelia's basket?

Dav.—Here, Sir.

Bus.—Here, Sir, then let it be *here*, Sir, if you please.

Enter Davenport bringing in an immense bush on his shoulder.

Why, what the deuce is that?

Dav.—Rosemary, Sir.

Bus.—Rosemary!

Ophelia.—Oh I'll trouble you to catch me carrying that little tree about.

Dav.—Why, Sir, we couldn't get any real rosemary in the bazaar, and I thought this might do.

Bus.—Psha! take it away, (*Exit Davenport*) and you, my dear Ophelia, do get along with you, and wait till you have to come on, now *do* go like a good fellow.

Ophelia.—Well, but—

Bus.—Now *do* go.

Ophelia.—And the brandy?

Bus.—Shall be better. (*Shoving him off.*)

Ophelia.—And the mulligatawny?

Bus.—Shall be ordered. (*Gets him off.*) That is the most troublesome, unreasonable—

Ophelia.—(*Running on again.*) And I say, Busky my boy, I'll be hanged if I carry that *tree* about the stage.

Bus.—No, no, you shan't, I tell you.

Ophelia.—And the brandy?

Bus.—Now do go.

Ophelia.—And the mulligatawny?

Bus.—Confound it, get off the stage, will you.
(*Pushes him off.*) Well, if ever they catch me again!—
Now let's see, what else is there to be done, let me look
at my memoranda (*Pulls out a list about five feet long*),
while I have a moment's leisure, let's see: (*reads.*)

Two wigs and thirteen waistcoats for Grave Diggers.

Poison for King and Queen.

A little fresh blood.

A skull for Hamlet, and a pair of stays for Ophelia.
(*I shall never be able to fit him.*)

Tickets.

Advertisements.

Two tenors and a bass for the dirge. Pair of shorts
for Polonius. To make new lightning, *mem.* last
wouldn't flash. Augier to brighten swords—

Enter MR. GREEN.

Well, Mr. Green, is all ready?

Green.—Yes, Sir, and Major Brush has just come to see the effect of his new scene.

Bus.—What has he been painting a new scene?

Green.—Yes, Sir, a moonlight, Sir, but Captain Rocket says, Sir, it's no more like the moon than his grandmother.

Bus.—And what do you say, Mr. Green.

Green.—Oh, Sir, I am no judge, and when gentlemen are so kind as to volunteer to paint scenes, one must not be too hard upon them.

Bus.—Ah, that's exactly what you observed, Mr. Green, when Captain Rocket was so kind as to paint a tent scene for Richard the Third, which the audience took for a view of the Government House turned upside down, but come, ring up, and here, in good time to see the effect of his labours, comes Brush.

[*Green rings, drop-scene draws up and discovers a sea and castle view out of all perspective and proportion, (like Hogarth's illustration of false perspective,) a creature painted on one of the walls like a white rocking horse; and on one of the trees, which resemble wigs, is another creature with wings like a cherub on a tomb stone.*

An immense moon occupies the centre of the scene, and large stars, with points accurately marked out, appear in various parts of the sky. As the drop-scene draws up, BRUSH enters and stands in an attitude of supreme content.]

Brush.—Well, my good fellow, I think I have hit you off there to a T, that's what I call a choice bit—the poetry of painting; “ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven,” as Byron says—eh Buskin?

Bus.—Why your scene really *does* astonish me.

Brush.—Yon moon, “round as my shield,” as Homer says—eh Buskin? I flatter myself, we hit the higher walks of the art, the poetry of painting, eh! something Martinish in the whole thing—eh!

Bus.—Very (*aside*) *Betty* Martinish.

Brush.—The battlements of Elsinore—night—“a solemn stillness fills the dusky air,” as Gray says—eh! At a glance you can see from the mysterious silence of the scene, that a great and supernatural event is at hand. The moon and stars sympathise, eh! You understand, Buskin, the poetry of painting—eh!

Bus.—Yes, *very* clearly; but, my dear fellow, what the deuce is that taking a gallop along the battlements?

I have heard of the ghost of Hamlet's father, but Shakspeare makes no mention of the ghost of his horse.

Brush.—Horse! horse! Mr. Buskin, that's a cat.

Bus.—Oh! a cat!

Brush.—Yes, Sir, a cat. I can't find people eyes, or imagination, Mr. Buskin.

Bus.—My dear fellow, I—

Brush.—Why, my dear Buskin, what can be more expressive of the “witching hour of night,” than a cat, especially of moonlight? Why, now, I appeal to your own good sense, my dear Buskin, don't you see them scampering about by thousands in all the gutters of Calcutta, every moonlight night, and why the devil shouldn't they do the same at Elsinore?

Bus.—Oh! no reason on earth. And do cupids, little loves with wings, roost in the trees at Elsinore; for I swear, *that* is not the case in Calcutta?—(*points to the cherubim-like creature.*)

Brush.—Cupids! little loves! come, come Buskin, you know what *that* is, as well as I do.

Bus.—Upon my soul, I don't.

Brush.—Oh, yes, you do

Bus.—I don't, really.

Brush.—Then all I can say, Sir, is, demme if you've got any soul for the poetry of painting!

Bus.—My dear Brush.

Brush.—I'll never touch another scene.

Bus.—That will be unfortunate.

Brush.—I'll—I'll caricature the whole concern.

Bus.—That will *add* to our concern.

Brush.—(*Stopping short and looking at the cherub.*)

But really, now, do you pretend not to know what that is?

Bus.—Oh, my dear friend, it's all a bad joke of mine. I saw all the time what it was. It's a—it's—a—a—a—confound it, I forget the name of the thing just now; but any body can see that it's—a—a—they are very common at what do ye call em—a—

Brush.—Yes, as you say, an owl. You and your *little loves*! Ah, Buskin, you are a precious wag; but, my dear fellow, you see my drift?

Bus.—Oh, clearly.

Brush.—The poetry of painting, eh? The owl and the cat, both birds of night, shew midnight; so do the moon and stars; and there's another little episode con-

nected with the whole scene, — now, I'll bet you a small wager, you don't guess what it is.

Bus.—Why, to confess the honest truth—

Brush.—You can't?—bless me, how can people have such a want of perception. Pray, Mr. Buskin, why should that owl sit upon that tree?

Bus.—For no reason on earth that I can imagine, except because it pleases him.

Brush.—There it is now, you don't see the allegory. The owl represents my uncle.

Bus.—Your uncle!!

Brush.—Oh, nonsense, you know what I mean, “oh my prophetic soul, my uncle,” that is *Hamlet's* uncle.

Bus.—Well?

Brush.—Now Hamlet is a mouse, which has taken shelter under the roots of that tree, because the owl is going to pounce upon him.

Bus.—The devil. (*Aside.*) But where is the mouse? I don't see him.

Brush.—How the deuce should you? didn't I tell you he is under the roots of the tree.

Bus.—Oh!!

Brush.—Well, the cat is fate, or vengeance, or the ghost of Hamlet's father, whichever you like.

Bus.—The devil she is.

Brush.—And she's coming stealthily.

Bus.—She's in a full gallop.

Brush.—Nonsense, she's coming stealthily to put the owl to flight, then out comes the mouse—

Bus.—And the cat eats him.

Brush.—No, I tell you the cat does no such thing; but it's astonishing, how little comprehension some people have of the poetry of painting.

Bus.—But there is one thing, my dear Brush, if you will allow me to ask a great favour. I am *sure* you will oblige me now.

Brush.—Well, what is it? Mind, I won't take out either the cat or the owl, “save where the owl does to the moon complain,” as Gray says—eh!

Bus.—I think the line might be altered in the present case, to “save where the owl does *of* the moon complain.”

Brush.—Ah, you're a wag, Buskin; but what do you want me to do? eh!

Bus.—My dear fellow, if you would only now cut off a few feet from your moon.

Brush.—What!

Bus.—It is such a whacking moon.

Brush.—Mr. Buskin, I can't find people taste and judgment. Sir, I'll tell you what it is, that moon is the very best thing I ever painted in my life.

Bus.—But my dear Brush—

Brush.—No, Sir, I've done, Sir, with the whole concern. Fag, fag, toil, toil all day, amongst stinking paint and bad brushes, and these are my thanks. Sir, it is my belief, that you have not *one*, not *one* particle of comprehension of the poetry of painting, and so, Sir, I wish you a very good evening, and the next time you want a moon, Sir, you may paint it yourself, Sir.

[*Exit in a rage.*]

Bus.—Just like all the rest: well, if *ever* they catch me again; but I'm in for it this time. Come, Mr. Green, let's go on (*takes up a volume of Shakspeare*) now. Act the 1st, Scene the 1st.—Horatio, not here; Marcellus, not here; Bernardo—well, let us go on to the second scene—Queen, confound it! not here; King,—is the King here, Mr. Green?

Green.—(*From behind the scene.*) No, Sir, the King has gone to catch rats with his new terrier.

Bus.—They are really incorrigible—well, let's go at once to the Ghost scene,—now, enter Hamlet.

(*At this announcement three Hamlets come on the stage simultaneously, one O. P., one P. S., and the third from the top of the stage, they are all dressed precisely alike.*)

The Three Hamlets.—(*All speaking together with much emphasis and gesticulation.*) “To be, or not to be, that is the question, whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer”—

Bus.—Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake! what is the meaning of all this?

The Three Hamlets.—“The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune”—

Bus.—Outrageous! s'death *I* wont suffer it. I insist, gentlemen, I beg—what is the meaning of all this?

First Ham.—Why, Mr. Buskin, did not you ask me to take the part?

Bus.—Yes, Sir, but you replied, you did not think it would suit you.

First Ham.—I only said, I did not *think* it would suit me, and it was your duty, Sir, as Stage Manager to have

removed any scruples I might have had; because, Sir, it happens, that since then, I find it *will* suit me exactly.

Bus.—But, my dear Sir, another gentleman has been rehearsing the part.

First Ham.—Oh, very well, Sir! very well! I am sure, *I* am the last person in the world to wish to force myself upon the boards; in fact I detest acting, but I thought I was doing you a favour. However, it is of *no* consequence, Sir, none whatever; but if ever I assist again, I'll give you leave to put me into the part of the Post in Richard the Third, that's all. (*Draws a chair forward and sits down very sulkily.*)

Bus.—(*Going gently up to him.*) If playing Othello, next Friday week, would be agreeable to you—

First Ham.—Eh! Othello! why, Othello *is* a good part, I must *confess*, and if you think I could do it justice, my dear Buskin—

Bus.—Justice! my dear fellow!

First Ham.—Say no more, Buskin, come home and sup with me, my good friend, and we'll look it over together.

Second Ham.—Well, Mr. Buskin, pray, Sir, who *is* to go on with this scene?

Bus.—Why, really, my dear Pierce, I thought you wrote me word, your health was so delicate, that you could not risk playing.

Second Ham.—And, pray, is that any reason? that was a week ago, did you expect me to remain in delicate health for ever?

Bus.—But you have never rehearsed.

Second Ham.—I beg your pardon, Sir, I not only rehearsed, but play'd Macbeth in November, 1839, at the Hajeepore Fair.

Bus.—But, my good Sir, what has Macbeth to do with Hamlet?

Second Ham.—Oh, very well, Sir, I see you are one of those people who never *can* be convinced, a person not open to reason; but if ever you catch me playing at your beggarly Theatre again—hookah lao; (*in a furious voice*) not that I care about it, Sir,—hookah lao, you soor,—no, not the pairing of a nail.—You precious soor, if you don't bring my hookah, toom burrah mar khaga, I'll thump you to death.

(*Enter Hookah-burdar with hookah, second Hamlet sits down and smokes in grim silence.*)

Bus.—(*Going up to him gently.*) Now, my dear Pierce,

I am truly sorry for this unfortunate misapprehension,—Coriolanus is a good part, and if next Friday fortnight you would only try—

Second Hamlet.—Coriolanus — eh ! it isn't so bad, faith ;—well, my dear Buskin, anything for the benefit of our poor old Drury, and to oblige *you*—Coriolanus, let it be next Friday fortnight,—dine with me on Saturday, my dear fellow, now do, pray oblige me. (*Shaking Buskin heartily by the hand.*)

Bus.—Well I will look over my list of engagements ; but come, let's go on. Now, Belvi, (*to third Hamlet*) Marcellus, and Bernardo are gone to dine at the Club—consider the soliloquy as over, and then enter the ghost, (*in a louder voice*) enter the ghost.

Enter GHOST dressed in a long sheet, his face powdered and a white nightcap on his head, trowsers stuffed into a pair of Hessian boots, a truncheon, and a long sword fastened awkwardly to his side.

Bus.—Why my dear Muggins, who for Heaven's sake ! who dressed you in that extraordinary manner ?

Ghost.—That isn't what you should say, my cue is, "I'll go no further," and then I say "mark me."

Bus.—Upon my soul it would be difficult to avoid it, —but who dressed you. Do you understand?

Ghost.—Oh!!! Dress! Oh yes! I understand now —why its a very pretty dress, isn't it? (*admiring himself.*) I'm sure its very awful. I was put into a suit of clothes all over silver paper and blue paint, but Captain Rocket said it was no more like a ghost than his grandmother, and so he was so good as to put me to rights as he called it.

Bus.—Rocket's mad, and you are a—but no matter. —It's the last time I'll have anything to do with it, go on—dress as you like—do as you like,—play Hamlet or play the devil. It is really enough to try the patience of Job—but go on, gentlemen, if you please,—go on, Mr. Belvi. “Angels and ministers,” if you please.

Third Ham.—Angels and *ministers* of grace defend me — *Beast!!* THOU a spirit of health or goblin damned!!!

Bus.—For Heaven's sake my dear Belvi what *are* you talking about?

Third Ham.—Aye. I thought my reading would strike you, but its the correct one, depend upon it; now dont put me out. Where was I—Oh. *Beast!!*—

THOU a spirit of health or goblin damned!! Thou comest in such an actionable shape—

Bus.—(*Prompting.*) Questionable—

Third Ham.—No, I say, it ought to be actionable.

Bus.—Why, you're out of your senses!

Third Ham.—Beg your pardon, Mr. Buskin, never was in better health in my life, but I am determined to restore what I am convinced are the true readings of certain passages in Shakspeare, and I say the word ought to be “actionable.”

Bus.—But my good fellow, there's no meaning—

Third Ham.—Beg your pardon, Mr. Buskin, if it is not “*actionable*,” for a ghost to walk about and frighten a parcel of honest fellows out of their wits, I don't know what is “*actionable*,” that's all *I* say.

Ghost.—Come, I wish you two wouldn't stand bothering there all night, we shall never go to supper if you do.

Bus.—Oh, very well, Mr. Belvi—very well—have it as you please, Sir—have it as you please—but if ever they catch me again as stage manager—“*actionable*.” Egad, I believe if Shakspeare could come to life he'd shew you what *was* actionable, with a big stick.

Third Ham.—Mr. Buskin, Sir, I look upon that as personal—you shall hear from me further—Good night, Sir.

Exit in a great rage, running—as Belvi runs out the other two Hamlets start up, throw themselves into attitudes, and both speak together (addressing the ghost) with great emphasis and earnestness, and occasionally looking very savagely at each other.

The two remaining Hamlets.—Thou comest in such a questionable shape, &c., &c.

Bus.—(Trying to prevent them from continuing.) Gentlemen, pray—one at a time—confound it, let me entreat.—This is too much—

Enter OPHELIA having evidently been applying vigorously to the brandy bottle which she still carries in her hand.

Ophelia.—Eh! what the deuce is the matter? what a precious row you're making, eh!—bless me! I must be particularly drunk, for I see two Hamlets as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life—that must be *entirely* owing to the badness of the brandy. Oh, Busky, my boy, I never *can* play here again while you have got such rot-gut stuff as this; it has made me see *so* VERY double you can't think.

Bus.—Gentlemen, it is really of no use attempting to proceed with the rehearsal—who *will* have the goodness to go on regularly?

First Hamlet.—I, Hamlet the Dane—

Second Hamlet.—(*With great contempt.*) You Hamlet the Dane? no, Mr. Buskin. *I*, Hamlet the Dane, will rehearse here till three o'clock to-morrow morning if you like.

Ophelia.—(*Who has been staring stupidly first at one and then at the other Hamlet.*) I tell you what it is, Busky. I can't stay here any longer, this confounded brandy must have made me exceedingly unwell. I never was so extraordinarily drunk in my life; for not only do I *see* two Hamlets, but I actually hear them speak in two distinct voices, so good night to you, my boy. I shall be quite perfect to-morrow night. Here Quay hi—Buggy tyar kurro, jeldee.* (*Exit.*)

Bus.—Oh, this is too bad—*pray*—let us try something—come the Ghost Scene — (*takes First Hamlet on one side*) let him rehearse it now, and you shall have your choice of parts on Friday three weeks.

* Make haste, and get my buggy ready.

First Hamlet.—Well, that's a bargain—that is if you will give me two parts that night.

Bus.—How can we manage that?

First Hamlet.—Why, get up Richard the Third for the first piece and King Lear as a farce. I'll play Richard the Third and King Lear.

Bus.—Oh, anything you like my dear fellow, only let us go on *now*—come, now then.

Second Hamlet.—Whither wilt thou lead me—speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost.—Mark me—

Second Hamlet.—I will—

Ghost.—My—what's next? Oh aye!—hour is—something about come and tormenting flames. But never mind, let's have supper, I shall know it very well by to-morrow night.

Bus.—Oh this is dreadful! I *never* saw such a last rehearsal!

Ghost.—I am thy father's spirit—well?

Bus.—(*Who is prompting from the book*) doomed—

Ghost.—Doomed—well?

Bus.—For a certain—

Ghost.—For a certain—well?

Bus.—Abominable!—term, I tell you.

Ghost.—Oh aye, I know it all now; doomed for a certain abominable term I tell you, to walk the night—then there's something about enlist. Oh, enlist!—Oh, I know it all quite well, so do let's go to supper, for I haven't had a morsel of tiffin except a veal pie and a bit of beefsteak.

Second Hamlet.—Mr. Buskin, how the devil, Sir, do you expect me to play to-morrow night after such a rehearsal as this?

Ghost.—Call for the supper, Buskin, will you.

First Hamlet.—Better have Coriolanus, instead, Buskin. I'll flutter their eagles in Corioli—(*runs out and returns with a helmet, shield and Roman sword.*)

Re-enter Ophelia.—One more word, Busky, about the brandy before I go—

Enter the Third Hamlet, Belvi. (*With his hat on and great coat over Hamlet's dress.*) Mr. Buskin, on one condition, alone, Sir, I am prepared to continue my services to the theatre and my friendship towards you; that is, Sir, play Douglas to-morrow night instead of Hamlet. I will play Norval. My name, then, will be Norval on the Grampian Hills.

Here the three Hamlets continue shouting distinct speeches from plays with violent gesticulations.

Third Hamlet, Belvi. My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills—

Second Hamlet.—To be or not to be, that is the question—

First Hamlet.—Your voices, your most sweet voices—I flutter'd your eagles in Corioli, &c.

The GHOST jumps about in a grotesque manner, while Ophelia appears to be perseveringly attracting Buskin's attention to the badness of the brandy. BUSKIN endeavouring to restore order.

Bus.—Gentlemen—I entreat—confound it—you will drive me distracted—let me beg—

Enter DAVENPORT.

Davenport.—Sir, all the tailors say that to-morrow's a Mussulmaun holiday and they won't come—the dresses aren't half finished, Sir.

Enter SECRETARY.

Secretary.—Mr. Buskin, I am sorry to tell you, Sir, that the white ants have eaten the King's breeches, three complete suits of armour, and all the battlements of Elsinore—we can't do without them; what orders shall I give, Sir?

Bus.—Orders ! none !—let the white ants eat everything, everybody. I shall go distracted.—*Pazzo Matto*—as the man says in the opera—put off the play.

Secretary.—Impossible, Sir—His Lordship has postponed his grand party in order not to interfere with our house. He intends coming himself.

Bus.—What the devil is to be done ?

Enter a GENTLEMAN dressed for dinner.

Gent.—Ah, Busky ! I just called, *en passant*, to see how you are getting on ? By the way can't take Horatio to-morrow night, you must do it for me ; there has been a devil of a row in my Twanky Twaddle Tannah ; they've burnt an old woman, and each party swears that it is their own mother who was burnt by the others.—Off to-morrow at gunfire to see into the thing,—shan't be back till Sunday. Tell you how it happened. You see there was a Mokudduma, a Regulation two case ; and by Clause fifteen, Section seven, the Collector—

Bus.—Confound your Regulations and the Twanky Twaddle Tannah, and the whole thing, how the devil am I to play Horatio when—

Enter CHIP hastily.

Chip.—Oh, dear me, Sir!

Bus.—Well, what's the matter now?

Chip.—Oh, Sir, Captain Rocket in practising the new lightning has set the clouds on fire. The whole theatre will be burnt.

Bus.—Hurrah! Hurrah! that'll do—let it burn, for Heaven's sake, don't put it out if you have any regard for me—let it burn—Gentlemen, I wish you a very good night. The house, please Heaven, will be burnt down, there will be no play—and if ever they catch me stage managing again where I have to deal with AMATEURS!—(*A loud crash—flashes of fire seen at the wing. Buskin runs off, followed by omnes in confusion.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

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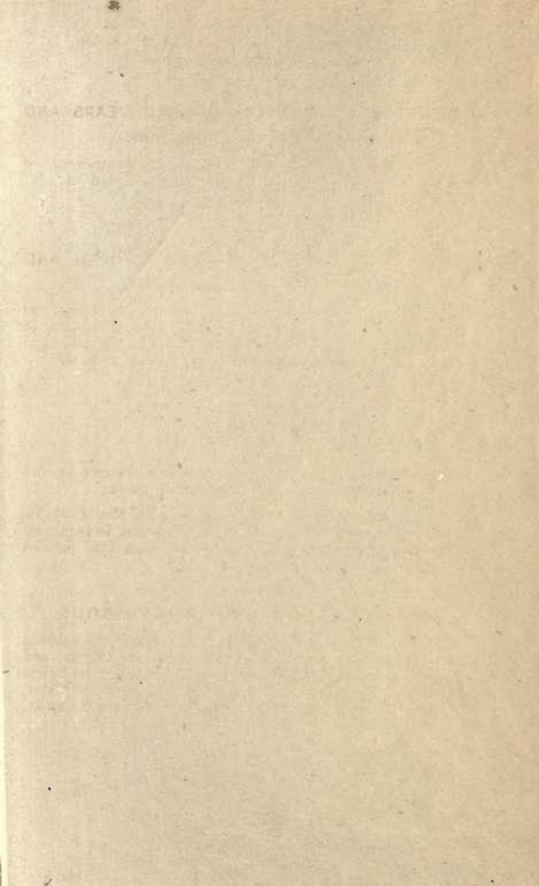
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